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Cover picture

Carl's Crivelli's "The Virgin and Child Enthroned, with the Presentation of the Keys to St Peter, and Six Saints". It is reproduced from *The Gemäldegalerie, Berlin*, details of which are given on page 1447.

Pinnacles of absurdity

Joseph Rykwert

PHILIPPE DUBOY
Lequeu: An architectural enigma
300pp. Thames and Hudson. £50.
0300 340951

The architect-draughtsman Jean Jacques Lequeu was born in Rouen in 1757; Marcel Duchamp, Dadaist (and, in a way, Surrealist), chess-master and joker was born just north of Rouen in 1887. Philippe Duboy was born about fifty years later and, at times, reading his *Lequeu: An architectural enigma*, one loses sight of the separate identities of the three men, since through Duchamp, Duboy seems to have telescoped himself into his subject.

Very little is known about Lequeu, and that little is bedevilled by the fact that another obscure architect, François Romain Lequeu, was born in Rouen a year earlier – and both often signed their work with their surname alone. However, Jean Jacques is much the better known, mainly because, in 1825, he gave a large group of his drawings to the then Bibliothèque Royale (now Nationale). His donation was varied and complicated. It includes a number of sparsely illustrated writings: on the "wooping" and ironing of linen, on the casting of shadows, on aquatint, some unpublished plays, as well as various collections of drawings which were housed in different parts of the Bibliothèque (mostly in the Cabinet des Estampes), a treatise on the geometrical construction of the human head which combines physiognomy and geometry after the manner of a Dutch contemporary, Pierre Camper; a group of obscure drawings; a series of projects for great public buildings: a church of the most advanced "neo-classic" kind for Carmelite nuns, a caryatid column in the form of a chained nobleman, and a tent-like National Assembly drawn during the time of the Terror, as well as a Napoleonic church of the Magdalene for Paris. There is a project for a new pulpit for St Sulpice and a number of pictures of women in compromising poses (with a fly on one uncovered breast – making a rude gesture) and various portraits of a man (they all seem to be the same man) making faces: winking (this is labelled "the one-eyed man grinning"), sticking his tongue out, and yawning. This last is most puzzling, as the yawner is wearing a bowler hat – and bowler hats were not worn until fifty years after Lequeu's death.

These drawings seem to have been executed from about 1775 onwards. During that time Lequeu had worked for François Soufflot, known as Soufflot-le-Romain, a younger kinsman of Jacques-Germain Soufflot, the architect of the Paris Pantheon; with whom he claimed to have exhumed the great architect's body during the Revolution to save it from profanation by lead-thieves. He also designed a number of buildings for clients in Paris in the Low Countries, as well as some interiors. Of these only fragments have remained, though a number of their drawn and engraved projects survive.

Later it seems he was employed as a surveyor and cartographer, and the drawings for which he is now famous occupied his leisure hours. Several times, Duboy tells us, he failed (as he bitterly complained) to have them accepted for exhibition by the Salon. On other occasions he advertised them for sale, once very obliquely in the English-language paper, *Galignani's Messenger*. This does not seem to have been any more successful, and Lequeu died out the remaining years of his life on a government pension, apparently in a brothel in the rue St Denis. It seems that he died (by his own hand? in a duel?) at some point during the fifty years between his gift to the Bibliothèque and his inventory in 1830.

The drawings remained "undiscovered" until just before 1900, when they were described in a catalogue of the Cabinet des Estampes; a few years later they seem to have come to the notice of Duchamp. The artist became intrigued by Lequeu, to what extent and to what end it is impossible to tell at present. He is known to have borrowed some of the plates, and it is said that they looked somewhat different on their return. However, since only fragmentary inventory entries existed and no photographs, this is impossible to verify. None

of them was published until a Viennese art historian, the late Emil Kaufmann, illustrated two in his *Von Ledoux bis Le Corbusier*, which appeared in 1933; the same year other illustrations attributed to Lequeu (mostly wrongly) appeared in a book on Parisian eighteenth-century buildings.

Some time later, in 1939, Kaufmann published more drawings: in this instance either he or the printer trimmed off most of the inscriptions which pullulate all over them. The confusing iconographies and allegories of Lequeu's text would in any case have been irrelevant to Kaufmann's thesis, which was that throughout the nineteenth century there was continuity, exemplified by Lequeu's drawings, of a "rationalist" and "classical" approach, of which Le Corbusier's work was

a trophy of geometrical instruments, though on a glued flap there is an alternative crown in the form of a three-dimensional cross. The rest of the plate is a highly feminine grotto with a waterfall, dedicated to Isis. The central figure is a reclining nymph "of a singular beauty, in white alabaster . . . to this famous fountain" – the caption goes on – "women come to bathe and purify themselves by sucking the nipples of the fair, whose water tastes of milk". This is a representative specimen of Lequeu's prose, of his approach and the curious disassociation of his images. He is obsessed with the female body as a model on which ornamental details might be based. He is the only architect I know of who honours the traditional association between virginity and Corinthian columns by dressing them in chastity belts when they



Lequeu's "Tomb of Isocrates, Athenian orator . . .", 1789. It is reproduced from the book reviewed here.

the climax. It is those inscriptions however, with their idiosyncratic spelling and maniacal calligraphy, which are the most intriguing and suspicious part of the puzzle. Of course the watercolour images, though less than attractive, are intriguing in their own right. The all-pervasive female flesh always looks like inflated rubber; the landscapes with figures are clumsy, to put it kindly; the interiors are bombastic and sleazy. The portraits, uneven as they are in quality, turn out to include some of the best drawings. The "realistic" buildings are at their best when most influenced by Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, the greatest architect of the preceding generation.

But there is no denying the oneiric force of some of the more far-fetched projects – like the one for a dairy in the form of a huge, caparisoned cow. Practically all of them are covered in inscriptions, some of which (particularly the obscure ones) are in Greek letters, transliterated French (like the one on the lower part of the drawing which appeared on the cover of the TLS on November 14); others are in Gothic script; some are part of the watercolour surface, others integral to the projected buildings. The largest number by far are extended titles and captions written in black ink over the watercolour.

Whoever he may have been, their author played at extremely elaborate puns (which are not always intelligible, since the spelling is far from standard) as well as numerical games. It can hardly be accidental, for instance, that figure 100 (the number of completion) appears as a tomb for the author and that it also occurs in plate 33 (the number of years in the life of Jesus), in the largest and most important of the drawings collections, the *Architecture Civile*. On the tomb the author's name is spelt "De Queux", and he is described as the "brother of Jesus, who has carried a cross all his life"; the caption explains that his body is to be embalmed in bitumen, and the tomb topped by

"eyes which do not see" of some contemporaries). Instead, Duboy approaches the whole corpus as if it were a vast, interminable, labyrinthine dream as recounted to a super-clever Lacanian analyst. He skips from one pinnacle of absurdity to another, spinning dazzling, airy cages of association. At no point does he come down to earth. If one is looking for information about how Lequeu's ideas fitted into the intellectual climate of his time, it is not to be found here. Yet he lived in the great age of Martinism and other occult-political associations, which purveyed the kind of mythical history that underlies many of the plates of the *Architecture Civile*. Lequeu "vanished" in the same year as Fabre d'Olivet (one of the great mystagogues of his time) who was said by some to have suffered a stroke, by others to have immolated himself on a home-made altar. Being initiated into occult associations and lodges was one of the sports of the time.

There remains the question of identity. Le Queu, Le Quen, Le Queux, De Queux, Lecoy are only some of Lequeu's aliases. (Lecoy, incidentally, I found on the title page of a little book on surveying, published in 1803, which must be from the same hand as at least some of the Lequeu drawings.)

And what of Duchamp? About ten years ago, Duboy suggested in an Italian psychoanalytical review that the whole of Lequeu's work and the evidence of his personality (including the baptismal certificate, which Duboy had located in the Rouen city archives) were fabricated and planted by three different groups of people, though Duchamp was at the centre of all three: the first one included Guillaume Apollinaire (who had catalogued the obscene books of the Bibliothèque), the second included Georges Bataille, the third, most recent and most brilliant, according to Duboy, was a "pataphysical" conspiracy involving Raymond Queneau, Jacques Lacan, and the very director of the Cabinet des Estampes, Jean Adhémar himself.

As someone who has only seen a few of the original drawings behind glass, it is not for me to judge if the accusation can be proved. That a plausible case could be put together from the original material, whatever the proportion of genuine to fabricated, is, in itself, fascinating. And it makes Duboy's book into a unique document, since the whole text is in fact a punning meditation by Duboy on Duchamp, Lequeu and on the joker in the pack – Le Corbusier. From the mid-1920s onwards, Duboy would have to believe, Duchamp was meditating a "Showing Up" of Charles Edouard Jeanneret. He set about this by constructing the anti-figure of Lequeu and slowly feeding him to the outside world. Meanwhile the tissue of pun and association, of *renvois* as Duboy puts it, quoting Diderot's article "Encyclopédie" from the *Great Encyclopaedia*, has become virtually its own independent critical-paranoiac machine and some of the associations are irresistible.

The drawings in this book are *corpus delicti*, the complete evidence, as presented by Philippe Duboy, as the advocate of his true master and accuser in this case, Acteon-Duchamp, against the defendant Le Corbusier, Charles Edouard Jeanneret, whose crime was to misjudge and ultimately to "misplace" the artist in industrial society by an excess of creative vigour. The drawings are therefore the negative counterpart, the black mirror-image of the six volumes which make up Corbusier's *Oeuvres Complètes*. Whether one accepts the charge or denies it, this is how it is set out here. In spite of the inelegance of the presentation we now have the whole body of the drawings, excellently reproduced. It makes as definitive a study of Lequeu as we shall have for some time. The enigma of the title remains unresolved. And that is – perhaps – as it should be.

Marvin Trachtenberg and Isabelle Hyman's *Architecture from Prehistory to Post-Modernism* (606pp. Academy Editions. £35. 0 85670 899 2) provides an overview of architectural history with particular focus on the causes of dramatic changes in construction and taste, on the origin of influence and what its effects have been as well as how technological advances – the elevator, iron, steel and glass – have shaped our surroundings. The book includes over 1,000 illustrations and seventy-four colour plates.

All passion unspent

Julian Symons

EDMUND WILSON
The Fifties
Edited with an introduction by Leon Edel
663pp. Macmillan. £19.95.
0333-433637

First look at the index: a bad general principle for a critic, no doubt, but here offering unusual rewards. At Auden's birthday party Edmund Wilson remarks on the poet's awkwardness with women and his puritanism; on another occasion Auden expresses admiration for the "American dream" and is rebuked for using such a "sickening propaganda phrase". On a visit to *Ulysses* in Nighttown Djuna Barnes is glimpsed, looking like the Red Queen. Why did she turn Wilson down when, in Paris in 1921, he asked her to go to Italy with him? He had just given her "a little lecture" on the merits of Edith Wharton, and "I thought *Ethan Frome*: not!" In Richmond, visiting James Branch Cabell, Wilson is incautious enough to say that he has taken a seminar at Princeton on the literature of the Civil War. Cabell professes ignorance of any such literature: "We call it, he added, the War Between the States." In Cambridge, Wilson is delighted to find Robert Lowell apparently a man of the Twenties like himself. "I kept telling

him... that he seemed to me perfect: accelerating conversations, going off in all directions, interrupting one another, range of interest and reading, flares of imagination, general freedom of the world." Alas, the Twenties fellowship is a delusion. Lowell is entering a manic phase, and within a few days is in hospital.

There are many such glimpses in the book, equally revealing about Wilson and his subjects. It is his tactlessness that provokes Cabell, his rash raking over the past that prompts Djuna Barnes's tartness, his imperceptiveness about Lowell's manic exhilaration that makes him find the poet's company so delightful. It is as difficult to know how deliberately a Johnsonian "Edmund Wilson" is being created in these private notes meant for eventual publication as it is to know how much Johnson exaggerated his genuine opinions for Boswell's benefit. When we are told that Wilson calls a chicken "Pussy Cat" because he assumes that any domestic animal not a dog must be a cat, when he complains about the "little plaintive whistle" in his nose on waking, is he kidding or serious or somewhere in between? These are matters not touched on in Leon Edel's informative introduction and notes. Whatever the intention, the effects achieved are enormously enjoyable.

Wilson makes two trips to Europe during the

decade, with his wife Elena and their young daughter Helen. They include a visit to England, but although he no longer finds American bathrooms more uplifting than European cathedrals (*A Piece of My Mind*), he is not at ease. As Edel says, he seems always to have disliked British people and their manners, and to have felt a fascinated distaste for local class distinctions and forms of speech. The comedy here is surely unintended. What about the rolled-up umbrella, he asks Angus Wilson, and what about the national habit of saying "H'm"? Angus Wilson returns diplomatic replies, refrains from saying that "H'm" is encountered only in fiction, and tells his namesake that the royal family has a kind of Cockney accent. He enjoys the company of Cyril Connolly, but remarks that the room where he is put up in All Souls is like a fourth-rate New York rooming house. (It was Leopold Amery's room.) He was appreciated more than he had been on an earlier visit in the 1940s, and that was welcome, but the uneasy feeling of being somehow got at by the British seems never to have left him.

Yet these are spots on the sun. The primary impression left by any of these volumes covering the decades is of admiration for the power of Wilson's mind, and astonishment at the variety of his interests and the voracious curiosity with which he informs himself about them. In the Fifties while learning Hebrew he becomes absorbed in the arguments relating to the Dead Sea Scrolls, and goes out to Israel to investigate them. He is concerned by the grievances of the Iroquois in upper New York State, consults authorities on the Iroquois personally, attends Indian ceremonies. The result is two books, *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* and *Apologies to the Iroquois*. Interest in the Iroquois had been prompted by their proximity to the family home at Talcottville inherited by Wilson on his

mother's death, and he is soon immersed in the family history, studying, as Mr Edel tells us, deeds, genealogy, real estate records, wills, the result again being a book, *Upstate*. Result is very much the right word, for Wilson's concern fades as soon as the book has been achieved, passion fulfilled. He was in the most literal sense a man of letters, and found it natural always to give his thoughts public expression.

It is a mark of increasing age that his interests should be remote from the involvement with new literature and with American social problems that he felt in the 1920s and 30s. The shores of light are now far away, and he is considering instead aspects of the past: the possible merits of de Sade, the critical injustices done to Cabell, the qualities of Swinburne and Longfellow. In his personal life passion is not spent, but it is much subdued, and he dismisses love affairs on the side as too much of a nuisance. He spends much time in the magnificent Stone House at Talcottville, often staying there alone (his wife disliked its inconvenience, chilliness, remoteness from the sea), reading, writing, brooding on the family history and his own past. His mother dies, Edna Vincent Millay, the love of his early manhood, dies, he goes to the funeral of his old teacher Christian Gauss: "nothing but deaths through here". His own body is thickening, he suffers from gout, drinks too much, has more to complain about than a whistling nose. Yet although he must have known that his greatest work was done – the work in which he had been the rarest of critics, one perfectly in tune with the finest writing of his time – to make such an admission would have been deeply unwelcome. He may adjure himself not to talk all the time, but in fact can't resist doing so. Why should he have resisted when he thought, rightly, that he knew more about his chosen subjects than anybody else?

Tacking the old-fashioned way

T. J. Binyon

DERMOD MACCARTHY
Sailing with Mr Belloc
172pp. Collins Harvill. £12.
000272757

In 1931 Dermot McCarthy, a twenty-year-old medical student, the second son of the literary critic Desmond McCarthy, was invited by Hilaira Belloc, then in his sixties, to sail with him on the first cruise of Belloc's new boat, the Jersey, recently presented to him at a cost of £366 by a group of friends – Frances Phipps, Mary Herbert, Elizabeth Herbert, Duff Cooper and others – to replace his beloved Nona, which had ended her days in 1927, demolished and sunk in a harbour on the Normandy coast. The first voyage was only a moderate success, disaster being narrowly averted when the Jersey missed staying twice off Avnil Point on the Purbeck coast, and, to avoid being driven on the rocks, had to be gybed all-standing.

Throughout the 1930s Dermot McCarthy regularly sailed the Jersey, with and without Mr Belloc – who was extraordinarily generous in lending her to his young friends – until she was finally laid up in a mud berth on Canvey Island just before the war. This book is a collection of short pieces devoted to the more memorable sailing experiences of these years: the Avnil Point affair; cruises along the south coast; a Channel crossing to Boulogne, followed by a visit to the battlefield of Crécy; panic when the Jersey springs a bad leak on a passage between Folkestone and Shoreham; even greater panic when the same thing happens between Belgium and Harwich; a dismasting in mid-channel; a crossing to Ostend; a voyage from Ostend to Flushing and then through the island of Walcheren by the Veere canal; a waterway which was almost too narrow for the engineless Jersey to tack in; and the final trip from Pin Mill on the Orwell above Harwich to Hole Haven on Canvey Island.

To these sailing reminiscences are added a number of affectionate studies of Belloc in various moods: singing Victorian popular songs quietly to himself in a pleasant, low voice; describing the battle of Crécy; fuming

against harbour masters; expressing his views on riding lights, errors in navigation, Madeira (good Madeira rare; if found, buy the whole stock), Burgundy (the Belgians buy it all; Brussels full of it), and Richard Coeur de Lion ("a bullet-headed Frenchman, covered with pimples, and probably a bugger"); or gloomily contemplating the expense consequent on fouling the Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, harbour yacht-mooring ground-chain with the Jersey's anchor.

As a character, however, Belloc is almost overshadowed by the Jersey herself, a pilot cutter built in the Channel Islands in 1846, the subject of a lengthy and fascinating description. The author sketches her lines, a compromise between the English and French boat-building styles, illustrates her rigging – she was a gaff cutter, with shrouds set up with lanyards and dead-eyes, which gave her a distinctly old-fashioned look; and sported a suit of tanned sails, originally the property of a Brixham trawler. He speaks feelingly of her leaks, large and small, enumerates her pumps (she had, and needed, no fewer than three), draws her antique and cumbersome windlass, describes Belloc's sleeping arrangements (an inflatable rubber mattress on a kind of trestle table); and touches on the sanitary side (a bucket with a rope attached to its handle). The Jersey had no galley: the crew lived off corned beef, pickles and julienne soup heated on a primus stove, washed down with dozens of bottles of good dark wine, bottled on the ground floor of the mill at Belloc's home, King's Land in Sussex.

The text is complemented by a wonderful set of photographs, amateur snapshots for the most part, which depict Belloc in a variety of poses – most typically, perhaps, navigating coastwise with binoculars, pince-nez on ribbons, and a chair and mug of wine to hand. Also memorable are a portrait of Lord Stanley of Alderney in his preferred yachting costume – plus-fours, walking shoes and a trilby – and one of Belloc's agent, A. D. Peters, who, in a pleasing reversal of the normal agent/author relationship, grinds doggedly away at the capstan. In fact, the book is extraordinarily pleasing and of immense charm: it is sad that the author, during the war a Surgeon-Lieutenant in the RNRV and later a paediatrician, should have died shortly before it was published.

Taking heart against fate

Rosemary Dinnage

MARGARET OLIPHANT
Margaret Oliphant: A critical biography
217pp. Macmillan. £27.50.
0333736471

Margaret Oliphant (1828-97) was a literary phenomenon who is thankfully being rescued from a long spell of oblivion. Publishing her first book at twenty-one, she wrote well over a hundred novels and books of short stories, half a dozen biographies, a score of books on literary and historical themes, and innumerable general articles on subjects ranging from Scottish national character to the condition of women, to Savonarola, to Victor Hugo. The quantity of her work was at the expense of quality, and ensured that all of it would unfairly be lumped together as third-rate, as she well knew. She wrote and wrote not only because it came naturally to her but because she was the sole support of seven people.

In her autobiography she muses with much honesty and just a little bitterness on her literary life. In particular she compares herself with George Eliot:

I could have done better if I had been kept, like her, a successful greenhouse and taken care of... It is a job hard sometimes not to feel with Browning's Laura, that the men who have no wives, who have put themselves up to their art, have an almost sad advantage over us who have been given perhaps more than one Lucretia to take care of... I have never known what it was.

There is a touch of self-pity or self-approbation in this, she rounds on it very quickly:

How I am giving myself the air of being an *enfant terrible* of character than the others. I may as well be the little satisfaction to myself, for nobody will give it to me. No one even will mention me in the same breath with George Eliot. And that is just.

She remained, however, just a little feline about her fellow-writer: "These superior ladies are very awful people and of course poor Miss Brooke has got to have her heart broken."

The tragedy in this life of a very untragically disposed person was that her sacrifice of what she might have written was in vain; all but two of her children and adopted children predeceased her. The bitterest thought was that

if I think that if I had taken the other way, which would have been the less noble, it might have been better for all of us... Who can tell? I did with much labour what I thought the best, and there is only a *might* have been on the other side.

She was, she added, "in very little danger of being my life written... for what could be said of me?" Merry Williams has found enough to say of Margaret Oliphant to make a workmanlike biography, adding a judicious assessment of her better novels.

She came of a Scottish family that moved south (her Scottish backgrounds and dialogue are always impeccable), a matriarchal family whose pattern was to be repeated with her own children. Her father, "took no particular notice of me or of any of us", her brothers were to live brief and broken lives; but her mother was a formidable Scottish lady from whom her laughter must have picked up much learning – enough to write on an astonishing variety of subjects without benefit of examinations.

Even before her engagement to Frank Oliphant at twenty-three she had written two novels and had one published (the first, published much later, curiously foretold her own life as a noble sister caring for orphaned children, a brother goes to the bad). *Margaret Malland* appeared in 1849, unconventionally the story of a sturdy Scottish spinster – "we are not of the Maiden Aunts has ever before" – and no favourable a representative in print. She was just under forty when she took on these responsibilities and she was to live to nearly seventy. The irony of her later life is harsh. Her adopted son Frank died in India in 1879, her son Cyril of an unspecified fever in 1890, and her son Cecco of tuberculosis in 1894. Her two adopted daughters survived and became very close to her, though one died in childhood only weeks after Margaret's own death. The deaths were not even quite the worst of it. The two adored sons whom she had brought up in preparation for good careers stayed idle all their short adult lives, and were hostile and difficult. In *Lady Carr* she wrote:

Your own children, how can you blame them to another?... A mother's part is to excuse, to pardon, to bear with everything, even to pretend that she is deceived and blinded by the partiality of love, never to disclose her profound and unutterable discouragement.

Her novels are full of strong women and weak men. In some way her very strength and energy seem to have sapped her sons' confidence. In 1900, as Mrs Oliphant went out of fashion, Henry James left a devastatingly patronizing verdict on her work, recalled by A. C. Benson:

"How a young man like you, who know how to conduct yourself in some things, and have, I don't deny, many good qualities, can give in to come to an ending like a trashy novel, is more than I can understand. You are fit to be put in a book of the Good-child series. Frank, as an illustration of the reward of virtue," said the strong-minded woman, with a little sort of scorn; "and, of course, you are going to marry and live happy ever after, like a fairy tale."

The irony was that so many tragedies should strike someone so intrinsically cheerful and resilient; throughout the worst of times she always wrote on – "I'm a wonder to myself, a sort of machine... always fit for work whatever has happened to me." Her husband's death left her with the children, debts of £1,000, and her skill as a writer. With eighteen novels by now behind her (in general her poorer ones), she set out at once on a new novel, a seven-volume translation from the French, and a biography. It is not surprising that she wrote a little tartly of a more famous widow,

I doubt whether *nous autres* poor women who have had to fight with the world all alone without much sympathy, can quite enter into the "unprecedented" character of the Queen's sufferings. A woman is surely a poor creature if with a large happy affectionate family of children around her, she can't take heart to her duty whether she likes it or not.

(The Queen herself found the prolific authoress "so simple, quiet and intelligent" and awarded her a pension of £100 a year.)

For the first years after her husband's death, Mrs Oliphant wrote steadily, either at night or sitting at a table with the family. She was always overspent and always paying off advances, but there were holidays and picnics and parties and good schooling for the family, and she kept any knowledge of her financial straits from them. Later she was to regret that. She made many friends, among them Jane Carlyle. Her writing matured, and some very good books – *The Perpetual Curate*, *Agnes*, *Miss Marjoribanks*, *A Son of the Soil* – were written during these years.

Then another blow fell. In the middle of one of her parties – "the long table and all the bright faces round it, the pretty summer dishes, salad, and pink salmon, and ornamented sweet things, and many flowers, the men and boys in their flannels, the girls in their light summer dresses" – a telegram came announcing that her brother's wife had died and he himself collapsed. He never recovered but became a permanent out-of-work boarder in her house, while she took over the care of the three motherless children. Her financial responsibilities were heavier and more precarious than ever, but her energy somehow rose to meet them. "My money is almost always spent before I get it," she wrote to her publisher, "or received only just in time for pressing necessities, so that the pleasant sensation of feeling even three months clear before me is one which very rarely occurs to me." Her decision to take on the second family meant "the fact, perhaps on the hardest of all, that I must resign myself to do second-class work all my life from lack of time to do myself full justice."

She was just under forty when she took on these responsibilities and she was to live to nearly seventy. The irony of her later life is harsh. Her adopted son Frank died in India in 1879, her son Cyril of an unspecified fever in 1890, and her son Cecco of tuberculosis in 1894. Her two adopted daughters survived and became very close to her, though one died in childhood only weeks after Margaret's own death. The deaths were not even quite the worst of it. The two adored sons whom she had brought up in preparation for good careers stayed idle all their short adult lives, and were hostile and difficult. In *Lady Carr* she wrote:

Your own children, how can you blame them to another?... A mother's part is to excuse, to pardon, to bear with everything, even to pretend that she is deceived and blinded by the partiality of love, never to disclose her profound and unutterable discouragement.

Her novels are full of strong women and weak men. In some way her very strength and energy seem to have sapped her sons' confidence. In 1900, as Mrs Oliphant went out of fashion, Henry James left a devastatingly patronizing verdict on her work, recalled by A. C. Benson:

"How a young man like you, who know how to conduct yourself in some things, and have, I don't deny, many good qualities, can give in to come to an ending like a trashy novel, is more than I can understand. You are fit to be put in a book of the Good-child series. Frank, as an illustration of the reward of virtue," said the strong-minded woman, with a little sort of scorn; "and, of course, you are going to marry and live happy ever after, like a fairy tale."

The irony was that so many tragedies should strike someone so intrinsically cheerful and resilient; throughout the worst of times she always wrote on – "I'm a wonder to myself, a sort of machine... always fit for work whatever has happened to me." Her husband's death left her with the children, debts of £1,000, and her skill as a writer. With eighteen novels by now behind her (in general her poorer ones), she set out at once on a new novel, a seven-volume translation from the French, and a biography. It is not surprising that she wrote a little tartly of a more famous widow,

I doubt whether *nous autres* poor women who have had to fight with the world all alone without much sympathy, can quite enter into the "unprecedented" character of the Queen's sufferings. A woman is surely a poor creature if with a large happy affectionate family of children around her, she can't take heart to her duty whether she likes it or not.

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much offence and scandal.

The novels' mildness is nearly always spiced by some unconventionalities. Mrs Oliphant is not fond of straightforward happy endings. The last words of *Hester* are:

And as for Hester, all that can be said for her is that there are two men whom she may choose between, and marry either if she pleases – good men both, who will never wring her heart. Old Mrs Morgan desires one match, Mrs John another. What can a young woman desire more than to have such a possibility of choice?

The words are ironical; Hester does not much care for either, and longs to work and travel.

In *The Perpetual Curate*, one of Oliphant's mellowest works, the lovers are allowed a happy ending – but there is a satirical comment:

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The Ladies Lindores has Lady Caroline married off by her parents to a brute (unusual – her men tend to be weak rather than brutal); when he dies Caroline is quite plainly depicted as being overjoyed. Even then Mrs Oliphant was evidently dissatisfied with the happy ending that reunited Caroline with her true love, for she wrote a sequel about her disappointment with the gentle second husband.

She was not unable to write real love stories, though. Lucy Woodhouse's feelings when she thinks her curate does not love her are caught very exactly. She sits down on the sofa, "in a kind of dull heaviness, looking into vacancy". She is conscious, writes Mrs Oliphant, "of a terrible difference somehow in everything about her – in the air which choked her breathing, and the light which blinded her eyes... The world altogether had sustained a change." Again, in the old couple Captain and Mrs Morgan in *Hester* she draws a remarkable but unsentimental portrait of a long-lasting love.

One of the themes of the novels is responsibility, its acceptance and evasion – and the majority of her responsible characters are women. Nettie in *The Doctor's Family* decisively takes on her ne'er-do-well brother's family – "I should scorn to cry about it. It is simply my business. That is what it is. One is sorry, of course, and now and then it feels hard, and all that" – but she is given a close scrutiny. "To fancy this wilful imperious creature a meek self-sacrificing heroine," was absurd, ponders her lover. "Was there any virtue at all in that countless enterprise of hers? or was it simply determination to have her own way?" Though Nettie is presented as a tremendous character, she is at first totally dismayed when her burden is taken away and she is free to marry him.

Women in Mrs Oliphant's novels generally accept men as they are, but with moments of scorn or rebellion ("You are only a man," says Nettie, with "a certain careless scorn of the inferior creature"). In her short stories Mrs Oliphant seems to have felt freer to explore the serious dilemmas of her women contemporaries; in one, a respectable middle-aged family man is discovered to have set up a "wife" in another district, in another a new bride, appalled by marriage, jumps off the train during her honeymoon and never goes back, in another a young widow struggles with feelings for a man who has compromised her:

She had seen him all round in a flash of awful reality and perception, and hated him – yet loved him all the same... It did not matter to her, it did not affect the depth of her heart, any more than it would have affected her had he lost his good looks or his beautiful voice. Ah yes! it did matter. It turned her very love, herself, her life, into things so different that they were scarcely recognizable. The elements of hate were in her love, an opposition and distrust ineradicable took possession of her being; and yet she belonged to him, and he to her, almost the more for this contradiction.

This more serious vein she might have developed further if she had had time to write as she wished. It is impossible to know whether in other circumstances she might have become a major novelist. The wonder is that of her voluminous output so much is supremely enjoyable.



Janet Mary (Denny) Wilson's drawing of her aunt, Margaret Oliphant, 1895. It is reproduced from the book reviewed on this page.

As a girl, the writer and playwright Enid Bagnold said a fervent and frequent prayer: "O God, give me fame." All her life, as this detached, intelligent biography makes clear, she felt a craving for recognition and applause. She had keen social as well as artistic aspirations, and as the wife of Sir Roderick Jones, proprietor and head of Reuters News Agency in the 1920s and 30s, she enjoyed the position and influence she so much wanted. This book takes her writing seriously, and reminds us of her great successes (in particular *National Velvet*, published in 1935, and her play, *The Chalk Garden*, first performed in 1955); primarily, though, it is a vivid and, for an authorized biography, unusually frank account of a talented, determined woman who was also capable of great folly.

Enid Bagnold grew up in a conventional middle-class professional family (her father was a soldier) and escaped into a more exciting, bohemian world by becoming an art student in London before the First World War. She studied with Sickert and was sculpted by Claudette Buzek. In 1912 she went to work for Frank Harris, writer, editor, poseur and philosopher; and for experience, she was seduced by him in an upstairs room at the Café Royal in 1913, when she was twenty-three and he fifty-six – an event she revealed with great aplomb in her autobiography, published when she was eighty. Her true love, however, according to her biographer, was Prince Antoine Bibesco, who urged her to write, but after a brief love affair dropped her to marry Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the former Prime Minister. Her first book, *A Diary Without Dates*, was a spirited account of working as a VAD in a London hospital during the war; it was published in 1918 and gave her a literary reputation overnight.

In 1920 she married Sir Roderick Jones, described here as "a small, dapper, self-made man", to whom she was introduced in a spirit of match-making by Lady Sackville, mother of her friend Vita Sackville-West. At forty-two, he was eleven years older than Enid and about a foot shorter. Whereas she was original and independent, he had the reputation of being deeply conventional and an autocrat. Her biographer writes perceptively about the success of this risky marriage, which was happy, despite her hatred of domestic concerns and Sir Roderick's penchant for very young, pretty, malleable girls. Enid had her writing, a series

Enid Bagnold

Melodic flight

Winton Dean

MALCOLM BOYD
Domenico Scarlatti: Master of music
302pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £20.
0297 78977X

Domenico Scarlatti is one of the most elusive of the great composers. Brought up by his famous father in the Italian tradition of theatre and church music, he migrated in his thirties to the Iberian peninsula, seldom revisited Italy and developed a keyboard style of great originality quite unlike that of his predecessors, contemporaries or successors. This cannot be due simply to his place of residence. Plenty of Italian musicians worked in Portugal and Spain, and local composers like Almeida and Terradellas employed the almost universal Italian idiom. The scanty evidence points to a conscious attempt on Domenico's part to escape from the dominating presence and perhaps the rivalry of his father. Alessandro seems to have been a decidedly heavy parent, to judge from a legal document of 1717 whereby he was compelled against his will to grant Domenico, aged thirty-one, emancipation "from all paternal control and obligations".

Domenico's early career is tolerably clear, at least in outline. Doubtless at the instance of his father, he obtained a post in the Naples royal chapel at the age of sixteen and an invitation to compose operas there two years later. In 1705 Alessandro sent him to Venice, then the leading operatic centre in Europe, together with a strong recommendation to the Florentine court, describing him as "an eagle whose wings are grown; he should not stay idle in the nest, and I must not hinder his flight". He won no recognition in Venice, where he may have studied with Alessandro's friend Francesco Gasparini, and where he certainly met Handel and probably Vivaldi. From 1708 to 1719 he was in Rome, for five years in the service of the widowed Queen Maria Casimira of Poland, for whose private theatre he composed seven operas, and then in two church appointments. Most of his known sacred music and of his fifty-odd chamber cantatas probably dates from these years.

We do not know when he went to Portugal. In 1719 he left a safe job in Rome and disappears from view. Recent evidence appears to place him in Palermo in 1720, but in his new book Malcolm Boyd does not wholly dismiss the tradition that he went to London for the production of his opera *Narciso* at the Haymarket that year, though no concrete evidence has been found to support this. From about 1723 he was *maître de chapel* in Lisbon, and music master to the young Infanta Maria Barbara, later Queen of Spain, for whom he composed the great majority of his keyboard sonatas, and he remained with her for the rest of his life, moving to Seville on her marriage in 1729 and in 1733 to Madrid. Apart from this and a few external facts – two marriages, nine or ten children, a knighthood in 1738 – extraordinarily little is known about his mature years. He apparently took no part in the operatic enterprises organized by Farinelli in Madrid. His character and personality are a blank, other than what can be deduced from his music, though he is said to have been addicted to gambling. Only one late letter and one musical autograph are known (it would have been worth reproducing them in this book). The single portrait (c.1740), discovered as recently as 1956, demolishes one of the few legends about him: that he grew too fat to cross his hands at the keyboard. Another, concerning the origin of the so-called Cat's Fugue, can be disproved, as Boyd dully remarks, by anyone who possesses both a piano and a cat.

Malcolm Boyd, author of the admirable volume on Bach in the Master Musicians series, makes valiant efforts to penetrate the fog, but can add few facts to the account in Ralph Kirkpatrick's pioneer study. Though fully appreciating the keyboard sonatas, he is rightly concerned to assess the earlier vocal works, usually dismissed as of little interest. Here he is constantly frustrated by the disappearance of so much material, both documentary and musical. Of a dozen operas only three survive, apart from a few fragments, one of them an untypical intermezzo with a singularly coarse libretto, another (*Narciso*) in a

later arrangement by a different hand. Of an equal number of serenatas and oratorios we have half of one serenata. The cantatas present difficulties of dating and ascription, due to confusion between members of the numerous Scarlatti dynasty.

While Boyd is in general too good a scholar to make exaggerated claims, anxiety to see justice done once or twice brings him near the edge. Domenico was hardly "a remarkably successful" opera composer – his operas were



The actor Mattocci in travesty in Covent Garden's *Achilles*, an adaptation of John Gay's *Achilles*; reproduced from English Theatre Music in the Eighteenth Century by Roger Fiske, the second edition of which has recently appeared (684pp. Oxford University Press. £55. 0 19 316409 4).

seldom revived – and the statement with regard to his last opera, *Berenice* (1718), that "Scarlatti shows as strong a dramatic sense as Handel and a melodic gift scarcely inferior" should have been supported by quotation from the four arias set by both composers (Scarlatti's are unpublished). The single Rome opera to survive in its original form, *Telide in Sciro*, Boyd ranks above the average score of the day, but he finds no dramatic conviction in any of the characters, which surely is to damn it with faint praise. His quotations from the operas and early cantatas suggest the overwhelming influence of Alessandro, especially in *scitiano* movements, though he may be right to identify a delight in bold contrasts as characteristic of Domenico. The incomplete published excerpts from *Narciso* tend to confirm this; but it is also typical of Alessandro, whose operas, like Handel's, stand at an angle to the *opera seria* tradition. It is one of the fallacies of musical history that Alessandro was the father of the Neapolitan School of Vinci and Hasse. Boyd makes a good case for dating two cantata volumes, in Vienna and the British Library, to the Madrid period, and for the conjecture that they were composed for Farinelli. They should certainly be published.

The chapter on the keyboard sonatas, though relatively terse, is full of perceptive comment, well illustrated by quotation. Here again the absence of autographs and dated copies, other than the two late manuscript collections taken to Italy by Farinelli in 1759, frustrates any attempt at a detailed chronology. We have no idea when Scarlatti began seriously to compose for the harpsichord. Boyd examines with scrupulous care all surviving sources, manuscript and printed (seventy-three sonatas were published in London, Paris or Nuremberg during Scarlatti's life – none in Spain or Italy) and prints two additional sonatas from a Madrid manuscript. His analysis of the structure of the music is penetrating, especially on Scarlatti's development of the basic binary design in quite a different direction from that which produced classical sonata form. Scarlatti's "ability to surprise, and yet at the same time to convince" evokes apt comparison with Haydn. Boyd finds the origins of Scarlatti's style in the music of the 17th century, popular music of the period. There is no doubting the influence of the guitar; but Boyd rightly relates the celebrated note-clusters (bowed-lyrics in Longo's edition) to the examples of acciaccatura cited by Gasparini in his *L'arte di suonare il clavicembalo*, published in 1708 when Scarlatti may have been his pupil. There is an excellent chapter on Scarlatti's reputation and influence, and valuable appendices.

Early synthesizer

Curtis Price

PETER DENNISON
Pelham Humfrey
119pp. Oxford University Press. £14.95
(paperback, £6.95).
0 19 315244 4

If there are long books on Rupert Brooke, then we should probably welcome a short one on Pelham Humfrey, whose reputation also depends partly on what he might have achieved. But does Peter Dennison believe that his subject, a precocious child of the Restoration, belongs in the same company with the other composers represented in this Oxford series (Boulez, Carissimi, Debussy, Dunstable, Lassus, Machaut, Marenzio *et al*)? Apparently not, because he apologizes for Humfrey's supposedly feeble attempts at "English" counterpoint, even in anthems whose "incorrectness" is in itself often astonishingly beautiful, while urgently seeking the source of Humfrey's lyrical inspiration in the works of his greater contemporaries, Lully and Carissimi.

Dennison views English baroque musical style as an alloy of French and Italian characteristics: the better the synthesis, the better the music. Thus, he assays Humfrey's works for gold (Italianate text declamation underpinned with strong root progressions), silver (airy melodies in French dance rhythms) and lead (the stodgy counterpoint of his flamboyant though incompetent teacher Captain Cooke). This is a plausible mixture, but I doubt that the ingredients can be so easily retorted. By the time Humfrey travelled to France (perhaps to study with *le grand maître*), the Italian style had already become a *lingua franca*. As he begins to work through the music itself, Dennison realizes that his original thesis (that is,

"Lully was the single most important foreign composer in Humfrey's formative experience") is too simplistic, and he is forced to modify it: "Humfrey's vocal and harmonic practice[s] owed their greatest debt to the style of Carissimi . . .", "either directly, or through the music of Lully and Locke", but "that synthesis was made by a musician with a recognizable English identity".

The author finds the essence of Humfrey's style elusive, for, after the alleged foreign influences have been melted away, precious little remains. The composer's devalued individuality is nevertheless discussed in some detail in Chapter Three, illustrated with music examples (inconveniently scattered throughout the book and in several collected editions. Yet much of this chapter would make perfectly good sense if the name "Schütz" or "Cesti" were substituted for "Humfrey". Baroque commonplaces, such as descending bass patterns and contrary motion between outer voices, are surely not the essence of Humfrey's style, because his music sounds like neither Lully's or Carissimi's; and his greatest works (the setting of Dryden's "Ah fading joy" and the verse anthem "O Lord my God") arguably display an originality matched only by Purcell.

Once Humfrey's best parts have been located in foreign lands, Dennison's treatment of individual pieces is factual and workmanlike. He never speculates about the composer's circumstances or personality, except to explain his bumptious arrogance (as reported by Pepys) as "a need to compensate for his small stature" – physical, I presume. The restored Chapel Royal – with its remarkable collection of boy geniuses kindly supervised by men who had paid dearly for their loyalty to the king – is skilfully evoked; and the chapter on the 1674 operatic production of *The Tempest*, for which Humfrey wrote much of the vocal music, is a worthy contribution to a well-worked subject.

Made to measure

Iain Fenlon

RICHARD HUDSON
The Allemande, the Balletto and the Tanz
Volume One: The History. 264pp.
Volume Two: The Music. 252pp.
Cambridge University Press. £75.
0 521 33108 0

"They performed every sort of ballet and dance as customary in any country soever, such as passamezzi, corents, canaries and a hundred other fine gestures devised for plucking the fancy." Thus the Venetian ambassador in London on the revels in the masque *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* performed in 1618, an interesting indication of how international the repertoires of court and social dances had become by the early decades of the seventeenth century. By then all state occasions, great or small, were celebrated in the ballroom, and dancing skills were cultivated through daily practice by the nobility and their middle-class imitators. In addition to social pressures of this kind, the performance of dance was supported by the Platonic conceit that dancing paralleled the harmonious movements of human beings in a well-ordered world, in turn an image for the motions of celestial bodies to the harmony of the spheres. Court dance is particularly well documented, not only in letters and memoirs but also, more importantly, in a group of printed choreographies and musical sources which were not to be equaled in scope until the early eighteenth century.

Richard Hudson's two volumes chronicle the history of a single and rather simple dance of the early modern period, a new Tanz which appeared in Nuremberg about 1540 and later spread throughout Europe. Its evolution spans two centuries and all the principal countries of the continent. In its earliest phase it is characterized by a fairly consistent musical structure that differed only in small details from one country to another. During this period the Tanz (and its near-relations, the *Allemande* which was popular in France and the Low Countries, and the Italian *Balletto Tedesco*) was widely disseminated in versions for domestic amateur performance, whether for lute, keyboard or instrumental ensemble. Bag-

ning with the enormous success of the five-voice *Balletti* of the Mantuan composer Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi in the 1590s, vocal elaborations of the basic forms were popular in England and Italy, while instrumental versions were common in Italy, France and Germany. It is this repertory that is best known today. Gastoldi's first set was widely imitated north of the Alps, by Hassler in Germany for example, and in England by Morley and Weelkes. Here the form became divorced from dancing, which may explain its greater attention to textual details and the general expansion of its structure. During the final century of Hudson's survey the various "national" varieties once again became more consistent.

Hudson's study, surely the most comprehensive and detailed study of any single dance type from the early modern period, is essentially a technical discussion of the musical characteristics of the evolving form, illustrated by many of the musical examples in the text as well as the complete pieces that make up the second volume. It is rather densely written, and it comes as no surprise to read in the introduction that the idea for the book grew out of the author's article on the Italian instrumental balletto written for the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. In its extremely compact, encyclopaedic writing style the derivation is rather obvious. But the main historical argument of this book, that the Balletto, *Allemande* and Tanz should be considered as dialects of a central tradition rather than three independent dances, is an important one which on the whole is convincingly argued and represents a distinct shift of emphasis from Hudson's earlier view. At the same time there are some important issues which remain comparatively untouched, notably any real engagement with the social history of this most social of all musical activities. With a form which has such a long, well-documented and continuous if changing history, which was widely diffused throughout Europe, and relates to folk traditions as well as to court dance, there is much else to pursue.

English Renaissance Song by Edward Doughty (185pp. Twayne/Macmillan. £19.95. 0 8057 6915 3) examines English lyrics composed during the period 1516 to 1632 and looks at works by Thomas, Whythorne, William Byrd, John Dowland and others.

Prescriptive polemic

J. V. Pickstone

EDWARD SHORTER
Middle Manners: The troubled history of doctors and patients
310pp. Viking. £16.95.
0 00 80215 5

Edward Shorter is a historian of popular topics: the family, women's bodies, and now, in *Middle Manners*, doctors and patients. His new book will doubtless be successful: the style is racy and there are anecdotes, even jokes – have you heard the one about male and female health? And Shorter is not just a historian; he has been to medical school and to many doctors' meetings, so that the later chapters of the book contain much lively reportage and retailing of scientific insights. Furthermore, it is a book with a message, appealing for the many, including for others: Shorter thinks that doctors should listen more to their patients, but also that both doctors and patients would be the better for a restoration of medical authority.

The book is an extended historical polemic in which the authority of medicine rises slowly from about 1850, only to fall rapidly after 1950. The heroes are the "modern doctors" of the early twentieth century, sufficiently steeped in the new medical science to command respect, but not yet so overwhelmed with biochemistry as to neglect the psyche and the power of authoritative suggestion. This "modern doctor" appears with his counterpart – the sensitive but unhelpful patient. Before and after the modern period, doctors were less inspirational and patients less content: the "traditional" doctor's knowledge and remedies were useless; his patients were tough and kept out of his way except when all else failed and truly heroic remedies seemed unavoidable. The "post-modern" doctor bristles with diagnostic techniques and remedies which really work, but he also bristles when patients want to "go on"

about personal problems; so the patients, sick from living in "post-modern" families and worried into ill-health by the media, become resentful and dependent on tranquilizers.

The characters here are familiar enough, the interest lies in their combination. Shorter is not portraying science as a triumph or a disaster, or simply advocating that doctors should be healers who are good at listening; he is arguing for a balance which he finds exemplified by the gentlemen-physicians at the opening of our own century. Here he points not just to bacteriology and surgery, but to Dr Mitchell and his rest-cure, to the treatment of neurasthenia and other psychosomatic complaints. These "modern doctors" were not perfect, but Shorter is gentler towards their defects than towards those of their predecessors and followers. It may have been unfortunate that organic explanations were often given for what were "really" psychological phenomena, still more unfortunate that surgeons removed the organs in question, but the therapies worked – so medicinal was the authority of the early twentieth-century doctor.

Historians, like doctors, can doubtless do much good by suggestion, but perhaps, like Shorter's heroes, they should also be masters of the controlled test, demanding of certain rigour. Why, for example, in the "traditional" and "post-modern" sections of this book do we get an account of ordinary medical practice, while for the "modern" period we hear so much about the leaders in the field? And why, in a book which finds space for so much medical detail, do even the lineaments of social history scarcely appear? Can one really discuss doctors' bedside manners, even for North America, without discussing the various classes of patient, the economy of medicine, the power of professionals, or urbanization – all topics on which much useful work has been done? To leave out so much, and then appeal to such intangibles as an increased sensitivity to pain or the stresses of "post-modern" families seems perverse.

Extracting expertise

Christopher Lawrence

ELISABETH BENNION
Antique Dental Instruments
192pp. Sotheby. £19.95.
0 85667 310 2

It would be interesting to know by what means, in the nineteenth century, an armada of tradesmen, itinerants, artisans and hucksters hoisted themselves from being the lackeys of the mouth into a profession, some of whose members now scrape a living large enough to find themselves regularly filling the scandal columns of the dailies. This question is implicitly asked, but certainly not answered, in Elisabeth Bennion's pleasingly illustrated *Antique Dental Instruments*.

The form in which the book raises this question relates to the antique. How is this category constructed, and how does it relate to modern professional interests? What the book shows is that, before the arrival of the professions, dental instruments shade into the worlds of cosmetics, surgery, commercialism and simple rustic inventiveness. There were, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, special devices for extraction, such as the marvellous plectrum and the tooth-key, but they were made and decorated much like any other tool. They were part of an order which, at the aristocratic end, was populated by silver tongue scrapers, ivory toothpicks and porcelain dental stands, and, at the more plebeian extremity, by the tool-box of the tooth puller, which might also contain the instruments of the farrier.

The technology of modern dentistry is more than the functional equipment of the specialist, it is a sign used by the expert to indicate professionalism. Modern dental tools are not random objects but a kit of devices, distinct from the things of common life, and, most important, almost worthless to anyone except the expert. They are everything the antique is not, they designate the skill of modern dentistry as a

complex professional process. The antique, on the other hand, is not simply the old, its domain is that of the unique and often decorated object which, in the case of dentistry, signifies that tooth pulling in the past was painful, direct and quaint.

When we look at these old artefacts in *Antique Dental Instruments* we are presumed to have in mind the gleaming professional tool, and are being asked to make a contrast. By collecting and valorizing the past the professions suggest they have transcended it. In doing this, they designate themselves as modern. This act expropriates artefacts from their historical context, translating them into a modern one, the antique. What constitutes the antique is not an object's historical relations but what is hidden: market value and the collector. History as the chronicle of folly and the curious is reified in the antique object. It is a world in which the museum catalogue is the gold standard.

The transition from history to the antique leaves some objects in limbo, awaiting financial judgment as to whether they are worthless junk or worthy of preservation. Some qualify immediately as antique by virtue of sheer luxuriousness. Bennion depicts a "Large brass-bound rosewood case of instruments with six trays" made in America around 1840. It contains layer on layer of ivory-handled decorated instruments in taxonomic profusion. It is unique. "Probably made as an exhibition piece," Bennion suggests. It has now become antique. Yet historically this object suggests where and how the transition to professionalism was being made. This box of tools was also the insignia of a profession organizing and demarcating itself from common life.

POSTAGE: INLAND 18p ABROAD 28p

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D. Z. Phillips

DONCUPITT
Life Lines
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Don Cupitt's new book, *Life Lines*, purports to offer much to those who still ask questions about the meaning of life. No definitive, authoritative answer, he claims, can be given to us. We live in a kind of *Métro* of the spirit, travelling on different lines which connect and diverge in intricate ways. Cupitt provides a *Métro* map to illustrate this network. There is no absolute truth, he tells us, only a plurality of truths. The meaning of life is found among these pluralisms; in our meanderings in the *Métro*.

The journey to which Cupitt invites us is a familiar theological one. He simply redecorates the stations for the occasion, giving them such names as Mythical Realism, Doctrinal Realism, Obedient Realism, Objective Symbolism, Aesthetic Expressivism, Pure Religious Voluntarism, etc. Cupitt assumes, too often, that discussing a name will tell us the nature of our surroundings. In this book we get to know the name, but, often, not the place.

What line are you travelling on? Are you a realist? Are you content to tell mythical stories which often contradict each other, but which you believe express the objectively real? Or, more systematically, do you have a definitive set of doctrines which you believe "are in some strong and simple sense true"? Philosophically, has your realism taken the form of a theodicy, a design, which informs you, in terms of a

metaphysical hierarchy, why things are as they are? If you are not philosophically inclined, have you found a realism rooted in the Bible: one which evokes an obedient response from you?

If you are not a realist, are you a semi-realist? Perhaps you were or are one of those Protestant Ethical Idealists who sought to identify religious truth with realistic hopes of an emerging social order; or one of a slightly different kind who hung on to agnostic responses when that order failed to emerge? Or perhaps you lived a life enriched by religious symbols, but that order failed to emerge? Or perhaps you lived a life enriched by religious symbols, but that order failed to emerge?

Whichever you have been, realist or semi-realist, the likelihood is that you have run into intellectual trouble and experienced "the sudden loss of belief in an objective and personal God". What alternative did you find? Did you find consolation in aesthetic expressivism, and meaning in the time-honoured traditions of religious liturgy, art and poetry, only to be threatened by the press of contemporary change? Did you give yourself to religious humanistic schemes, only to find yourself involved in undesirable political power structures? As a result, did you find yourself forced back on your own resources in a pure religious voluntarism, only to wonder how one's choices were to be informed? Did you feel that no one should be excluded from your religious perspective, a conviction which led you to include the afflicted and the subversive?

Did you realize that all these options with which we are faced are different manifestations of a life-energy which is linked to God's life-energy? Faced with different situations, the

life-energy, apparently, unconsciously selects the appropriate manifestation of itself.

Well, then, "what should be our final attitude to ourselves and our lives?" We are told that this is a difficult question, since no "reading" of our lives can be excluded. In fact, "We are all our own fictions - and nowadays we know it." So where can we find the meaning of our lives? The proposed answer: "In this long pilgrimage into diaspora, which we love and in which we find joy, lies the meaning of our life."

Many of the questions I have outlined have the illusion of intelligibility. In his tour of the *Métro*, Cupitt sometimes makes interesting observations on the connections between the various theological movements, but there is a fatal lack of philosophical reflection on the whole hurried journey. Without such reflection, it is impossible to be clear about the nature of the issues Cupitt wants to discuss. For instance, until we know what is "the strong and simple sense" of "true" on which realism is said to depend, we have no idea what is at stake in "realist" or "non-realist" analyses of religious belief. Further, it is essential to distinguish between an activity, a philosophical account of it, and the influence of the philosophical account. Cupitt rarely bothers with such distinctions. Consider the case of Cartesianism. If Cartesianism gives a confused account of "thinking" and "mind-body dualism", does it follow that those who propound such theories cannot think clearly in their ordinary affairs? Obviously not. Nevertheless, the enormous influence of Cartesianism in making man's mind the measure of truth and intelligibility cannot be denied. Consider again the case of the Argument from Design. The argument does

not do justice to belief in a Creator or to the praise of Him found in the Bible. Does it follow that a proponent of the argument must be confused when he worships? Yet the argument was influential in a number of ways. Such issues sometimes run into each other, but that is no reason for not distinguishing between them.

Because there are different religious perspectives, Cupitt concludes that there can be no absolute truth. The only "absolute" shown to be confused, however, is that metaphysical one which sees different perspectives as incomplete expressions of itself. If Cupitt denies ordinary conceptions of absolute good and evil, it is the very metaphysical conception he thinks himself free of which leads to his denial. Further, in invoking the notion of a "life-energy" of which the different perspectives are said to be manifestations, he endorses a neo-Freudian version of that very metaphysical conception. Finally, if all the perspectives are to be regarded as "options", the serious faithfulness of their adherents becomes a confusion for Cupitt which he does nothing to clear up.

Cupitt's *Métro* journey is so rapid that the various landscapes become blurred. Dwelling on any of them seems to be discouraged, since we are constantly urged "All change!". "You have to be prepared to move fast, from God to God. You need the God that is right for you just now, and still more do you need the God that will be right for you next." How is Cupitt's *Métro* of the spirit related to the real spiritual questions which have sustained, bothered and separated people? This book gives no answer. It is more like a *Métro*-game than a real *Métro*. After it, we have to engage with our actual travels.

What'll we remember when they're dead?

A maid strips a bed
and finds (impossible at the Hilton)
a Durex book marking Milton.

Why do poets piss in the sink -
is it all that drink?
Why is so much they write plain bad?
And why do so many go mad?

VII
Sunday afternoon thickens.
Whiffs of roast chicken
infiltrate a cubby-hole
where, happy as a bacchanal,

I lift my tea-cup.
Someone turns a radio up
for a programme on La Fontaine's *Fables*.
I rest slipped feet on the table;

minutes later,
lulled by the thudding dumb-waiter,
Times crossword abandoned to the Muses,
Mr Auden, Proprietor, snoozes.

VIII
The last poet drives off,
leaving a sonnet and forgetting a glove.
The newest guests write their names in the book:
'Mr and Mrs Smith, Porlock.'

The air's growing cooler.
Poolscap feeds the boiler
(Rathbone's efforts and illusions).
Curtains are drawn, like conclusions:

Because our words outlive our acts,
listen to cadences, not facts.
Finale-time, these words show it:
trust the poem, not the poet.

Jesus, scourge of money-grubbers

Henry Mayr-Harting

One of the most rhetorical passages in the New Testament is Jesus' fulminant against Chorazin, Bethsaida and, above all, Capernaum (Matthew 11: 20-24). By implication he defines for us in this speech the principal geographical location of his mission. It was a tiny area at the northern tip of the Sea of Galilee. The traveller approaching Capernaum by road today can observe a signpost which reads (if my memory serves me correctly) "Capernaum 2 km, Chorazin 2 km, Bethsaida 5 km". Jesus' ministry was not of course confined to this area. But in the society of Jerusalem he was a stranger (Matthew 21: 10); at Jericho his connections were manifestly not with the social establishment; and though he was very much a Galilean rather than a Judean, Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, where there are still important Herodian archaeological remains, is not so much as mentioned in the synoptic Gospels. Most of his ministry was performed in a tiny interstice of Palestine.

In many ways Jesus looks like countless other Holy Men in the Judaic culture of his day and in the Mediterranean regions down the centuries, not least in the localization of his activity. Capernaum, which he made his base, was only about thirty miles away from his home town of Nazareth. But the practical effect of that small distance was enormous. The influence of Holy Men in all ages has often been enhanced by their being strangers in the society in which they have lived, strangers either in the rigorous asceticism which sets them apart, or in geographical distance from their home environment, or both. When Jesus returned to Nazareth nobody took any notice of his teaching; he was too well known as the carpenter's son; his place in ordinary society was too clearly identifiable. In Capernaum his strangeness was guaranteed not only by his asceticism (such as the forty days in the wilderness) but also even by the mere thirty miles of distance from Nazareth. In this way he could stand above the social competition and be accepted as a prophet and moral arbiter.

However circumscribed the region of Jesus' main activity, it was a very prosperous one. Josephus, who was governor of Galilee in the 40s AD, described it as "excellent for crops and cattle and rich in forests of every kind, so that by its adaptability it invites even those least inclined to work on the land" (which suggests profit for smallholders and tenant farmers). The fertility of Galilee, and the reasons for it, have been substantially established in George Adam Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*. Far different was Galilee in the north of Palestine from the arid and awesome wastes of Judea in the south. "The difference in this respect between Galilee and Judea", wrote Smith, "is just the difference between their names - one liquid and musical like running waters, the other dry and dull like the fall of your horse's hoof on her blistered and muffled rock." Galilean wealth derived from trade, agriculture and of course fisheries; Judean from the Jerusalem pilgrimage and the Temple tax.

Despite the evidence of Galilean wealth, which must have been increased in many respects by Roman trade and the Roman occupation of Palestine, most writers treat it as axiomatic that Jesus addressed his mission to the poor. Some scholars would see Galilee at this time as suffocating from demographic pressures, oppressed by burdens of taxation beyond the means of smaller men, filled with miserable casual labourers, its agrarian wealth concentrated in the hands of a few great landowners. For none of this is there good evidence. Naturally, where property rises and population increases and cheap labour becomes available, there is almost bound to be poverty. But if that is so, Jesus appears to have addressed himself predominantly to the "upwardly mobile" rather than to the economic outcasts of lake-side society. He spoke to people who were concerned with the division of inheritances (Luke 12:13), with the quality of wine served at weddings, or with the seating plans and correct dress at dinner parties. This scarcely sounds like grinding poverty. He was dealing with people who might have a flock of a hundred sheep (when they lost one); who might be in possession of ten pieces of silver (when they lost one).

who, like the woman with an issue of blood, had the means to spend on seeking medical cures (Luke 8: 43); who as "servants" might be owed a hundred pence (Matthew 18: 28); who appreciated analogies of bumper harvests; who had access to pearls, rare ointments and fine linens. He confronted communities who minded what happened to their nice herds of pigs.

Where poverty is met with in the Gospels, it is significantly in Judea rather than Galilee: the widow's mite, the blind beggar Bartimaeus at Jericho, the poor on whom the cost of a jar of ointment might rather have been bestowed. More important, however, is that Jesus virtually never mentioned the poor with the object of saying that poverty should be alleviated. Such mention is almost always incidental to an attack on the better off for glorying in their riches and being too dependent on material

possessed with a devil, which cried out in a loud voice. "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us?" What did Jesus threaten to destroy? What was it that he challenged in such masterful tones? The dominion of the devil, a theologian might say. But it is possible, with a knowledge of his teaching, to couch an answer in more historical terms. He challenged, surely, the restless spirit of avarice, which itself threatened the traditional forms of integration and cohesion in Jewish society. This was a society whose underlying norms he tried to reaffirm in face of economic and social flux ("I am not come to destroy but to fulfil", Matthew 5: 17). It was a society in which people felt the pulls of conflicting moral options ("Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief", Mark 9: 24). The traditional values of this society were those of the synagogue, and they were



A detail from Dieric Bouts' "Christ in the House of Simon the Pharisee"; it is taken from Masterworks from the Gemäldegalerie, Berlin (432pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £40, 0 297 789368). -

threatened by the frenetic search for economic self-improvement, because status had been derived more from respect in the synagogue than from wealth. Jairus, whose daughter was raised from the dead, was "one of the rulers of the synagogue" in Capernaum. Of his material substance we know nothing.

Jesus' mission makes good sense, therefore, at a sociological level, if we see it as primarily addressed to people suffering from new anxieties and neuroses, occasionally to the point of mental breakdown, and sometimes facing (as they advanced themselves) the acute resentment, real or imagined, of their fellows.

It is a pity that we lack any systematic description of Jesus' society by a contemporary, such as Tacitus gave of the Germans. But we need not ignore useful analogies from other societies, particularly Mediterranean societies, at other times. The strongest sense which I have ever had that I was reading of a society in many ways like that of Jesus (despite the absence of fishermen) was in Julian Pitt-Rivers's sense of fishermen) was in Julian Pitt-Rivers's anthropological study of an Andalusian town. Perhaps in Pitt-Rivers, as in the Gospels, one is looking at some of the eternal verities of Mediterranean life. Here are the large estates, the smallholdings, the tenant farmers, the important herds of pigs and the onks under which they feed on the hills, the day-labourers collected in the central square and their uneven rates of pay, the necessity to close ranks in the community when dealing with outside tax authorities. Above all, to reiterate a vital strain also in Jesus' social environment, there stands out clearly the resentment against those who compete for status by the acquisition of money, in a society where status is traditionally accorded on moral rather than material grounds.

The low stratum of society from which the

Apostles themselves were called is often emphasized, indeed overemphasized. The image of Peter in the Christian Church - the rough-hewn, lower-class vessel chosen by God for his highest purposes - has positively depended on depressing his status and intelligence before his call. What a stroke of good fortune it was for him, with his bleak prospects, to have been called by Jesus! In fact the economic prospects for him and his like can never have looked healthier. The reason was salt, a commodity not totally outside Jesus' own thoughts. Strabo refers to the excellent fish-pickling places at Taricheae on the lake. Josephus also wrote about Taricheae. It had a hippodrome and was an important boat-building centre. Its exact location is uncertain, but it was near enough to Capernaum for Josephus himself, when lying wounded in Capernaum, to be taken there (doubtless by boat) within the night. I have never seen or heard the evidence of salted fish production brought into a discussion of the economic possibilities of Galilean fishermen in the first century AD, though John Robinson recently suggested (in *The Priority of John*, reviewed in the *TLS*, October 4, 1985) that John the Evangelist's obvious contacts in Jerusalem were due to his acting as the agent of his father's firm there. With growing demands to supply the local population, the Jerusalem fish shops, the Roman army of occupation, and the trade of the Roman Empire (an arterial route of which passed through Capernaum itself), it is no wonder that Zebedee and his sons, James and John, hired extra labour for their fishing business (Mark 1: 20).

Since Peter Brown's book *The World of Late Antiquity* (1971), and his earlier paper on the Holy Men of fifth and sixth-century Egypt and Syria, nobody has been able to assume that it was the economically oppressed who formed the natural recruiting-ground for those called to a religious way of life. Brown shows that the founders of Egyptian monasticism and their recruits were not oppressed peasants. "Late Roman Egypt", he writes, in what could so easily be a commentary on first-century Galilee, "was a land of vigorous villages where tensions sprang quite as much from the disruptive effects of new wealth and new opportunities as from the immemorial depredations of the tax-collector." We cannot know the detailed motives which induced Jesus' disciples to follow him. But we can say that his call offered a new option in life to men more likely to have experienced the bitter taste of success than the wretchedness of failure, in a society whose material competitiveness clearly had some harsh and unpleasant aspects.

My suggestion, therefore, is that Jesus had a clear appreciation of, and addressed himself to, the tensions and anxieties which beset his society and his followers. I have confined myself to the socio-economic tensions, but the point could equally well be made of the political tensions and those arising from the challenge to Judaism of the Hellenistic spirit. Indeed, the political rebelliousness for which Galilee was a byword in Jesus' time, rebelliousness against the Romans, against their client king, Herod Antipas, and against the Rome-supported Temple clergy in Jerusalem, could arguably be related to the rising prosperity of the province. Rebellion in pre-industrial societies was commonly a function of economic expectations that were raised and then balked, as in eighteenth-century France or the English Peasants' Revolt of 1381. One may note the reluctance with which Peter himself paid his Temple tax (Matthew 17: 24-7). Yet he paid it. Galileans hated the Romans, and the Herods, and the Temple clergy, but many of them had an economic interest in the political set-up which dictated a certain prudent acquiescence. Amid the conflicting responses of Galileans to the Roman occupation of Palestine, Jesus' skillful avoidance of any of the extreme political reactions of his time is noteworthy.

None of this, of course, has any bearing either way on the claims of Christianity, nor does it help to show whether or not Jesus was God. But perhaps until recently the search for the historical Jesus has been a shade too theologically motivated, and one hopes that there is no diminution of Christian belief in posing other questions about him purely in his human nature and as he related to his own society.

Auden Hotel by OLIVER REYNOLDS

for Edward Carr and Ruth Hutten

I
Slats of rain slap the street;
rain boils over concrete;
gutters well; the road's camber
succumbs to water.

A taxi docks at the kerb.
Unprotected and unperturbed,
a fat man levers himself out and stands
looking up at a hotel-sign, his hands

incarnadined as his jumper-sleeves run.
The sign fizzles: 'Hotel . . . Hotel . . . Auden . . .'
The man grunts and then, like a tidal bore,
bursts the hotel's revolving-door.

II
Just back, I'm glad to say, from Rio,
the Hotel Trio
is lost in the K563.
(the healthiest highs come musically).

A forehead drips perspiration.
The tello's huge hesitation,
throbbed from its palm-court oasis,
shivers empty glasses.

A girl reading Leconte de Lisle
hums between bites of veal.
The music uncoils to a close.
The musicians pause, then rosin their bows.

III
Three in the morning;
the night porter, sallow and yawning,
sets out greasy cards for patience.
The lift-bell pings. (In the suspense

before the doors rumble back,
the Queen's covered by the Jack.)
It's empty - but for scattered pills,
a pair of tights and some handbills:

INTERNATIONAL POETRY SEMINAR

1st Meeting at 9.00 in the Limestone Bar
P. Rathbone: *What I Owe to Yeats*
The porter sweeps them up, then spits.

IV
Washed-out dawn
and a ghost crumples on the hotel lawn:
a nightshirt, and on it a lipstick-smear:
'Nationalize Earl's Court Square'.

Rathbone walks shoe-lined corridors.
'These shoes were left by their owners,
saints making a sudden Ascension . . .
or is that too Martian?'

The dreams of poets are destroyed
by the hissing of the Teasmade.
Downstairs, there's egg or kipper,
each plate flanked by pen and paper.

V
'Well, she's more TLS than LRB:
attractive, but formal. More tea?'
'Good morning, I'm Wu. From Taiwan.
Ranslator. My main incest is Byron.'

... like trying to lasso a tank.
All political poetry is wank.'
'When did Selima marry Geoffrey?'
'My Theory of Metre, briefly . . .'

Cigarette-smoke palls the din.
11 o'clock. The waiters begin
clearing ash-strewn plates.
Rathbone's still rabbiting on about Yeats.

VI
What keeps them going:
egos with more thrust than a Boeing
or just a verbal itch
that they have to scratch?

Remainders

Eric Korn

Epiphany comes in strange places. My last was in Fortnum and Mason's (sounds like a Christmas name: "My first is in bowl, but not in basin; / My next is in Argo, but not in Jason; / My third is in hurry, but not in hasten; / My last is in Fortnum, and also in Mason; / My whole is the beginning of a word meaning 'enormous' in Serbo-Croatian.")

Well, I was wandering by the fish, game and wildlife conservation counter and I fetched up about half-way down a side of salmon pie. A thing I'd previously known as coulibiac, and I'd often mused about the little town of St Symphorien-en-Coulibiac, which produces a few bottles of a supple but oddly emphatic cru with a nose of kiwi-fruit, with a vine-covered tabac whose proprietor is the most notorious cuckold in Lot-et-Garonne, where the scent of wild myrtle and . . . (In the 1930s, columnists like Beachcomber, and especially D. B. Wyndham Lewis, now chiefly remembered for not being Wyndham Lewis, got paid for doing this sort of thing regularly); anyway there was a whole francophone *gestalt* triggered off by this word, I am getting drunk and sunburnt and goat-cheese-sodden just on passing the counter, and I see that Mr Mason or it may be Madame Fortnum - and what sort of a name is that, derived you may suppose from fortunatum, a late Latin euphemism for catastrophe, or the last snuggo on a plate - Madame Fortenham has labelled it *kulib yak*. Not so much an epiphany but a diaphany or a paraphany or a neophany or a deuteroaphany. It was like one of those reversing staircase-stepped roofs that psychologists have in their houses (with a flight of Peter Scott duckrabbits on the walls too), a *gestalt* change, a paradigm switch, a catastrophe, a point of inflection, a passage from one of two metastable positions separated by a zone of instability, a phase change, a Damascus light. Gone are the vines and the gasconades, gone the scent of tarragon and boudin, the purple hills and the warm south. Instead there is pine and dried mushrooms and onion stew and onion domes and Ostyaks and Cosacks and polaxes and nunataks and pacamacs. For cognac read vishnyak. It's wild surmise time.

Uncertainty is infectious. Was I really reading about two intrepid journeaus hunting the Sumatran tiger with a team of Sea Dyak? Or were they hunting the taiga with a seedy yak? Sid Yacoub? Did you say Yaqui or Yorkie? A C. D. Yacht? Said ye what?

Why does a rhyming dictionary lay a membrane of cold fat around the heart? Like a sex manual, it substitutes technology for feeling; and it is a self-deluding romanticism - in both cases - that makes us believe that instinct is a sure guide. So if you are suffering from metrical rigidity or meliorrhoea, excessive caesura, anaesthetic urges, delayed climax or a tendency to goletus Interruptus, you could do worse than consult Willard Espy's *Words to Rhyme with Words* (Macmillan, £20, 256 very large pp).

The rhyme list is arranged by rhyme-endings and generously laid out. Espy quite properly refused to call it a dictionary because dictionary requires definitions: to compensate he provides a glossary. In his preface he disarmingly points out that the glossary has two major inadequacies: in his rapture at the meanings he forgot to check the pronunciations of the words, so he isn't sure whether they all actually rhyme, and also he only glosses nine thousand of the twenty-five thousand uncommon words ("not in most college-level dictionaries") that he uses. A one in three chance: "better odds than a lottery". Are you disarmed? I looked up the first twenty-five of his fifty-three "ella" rhymes, and found nine, as predicted. Better than predicted in fact, for *umbrella*, *paella*, *lamella* would be in any ordinary dictionary, while *Shigella* may count as a proper name: I know a bacteriologist who named his triplet daughters Selmonella, Shigella and Legionella.

Rhymes are arranged alphabetically and semi-phonetically in three series: double, single, and triple rhymes. So the triples begin with A'.A.B.L, AB'.A.RET, AB'.A.B.L all the way to U'ZHUN.IST (see OO'ZHUN.IST).

UZ'.I.LE, UZ'.I.NES: A'.A.B.L has the sub-heading FR'.A'.B.L, P'.A'.A'.B.L, PL'.A'.A'.B.L and so on; under these headings are, respectively *defrayable*, *impayable*, *payable*, *prepayable*, *repayable*, *unpayable* and *playable*. *Unpayable*. There are ten pages of words that rhyme with ASHUN, if you are stuck for a rhyme for Beta Radiation, for instance; and a special appendix of largely bogus words terminating in -mancy, -mania, and -phobia. (*Un-dulaphobia* is defined as "fear of waterbeds".) Punctiliously, Espy points out that you cannot rhyme one -phobia with another, and that they are all there solely because they are rhymes for *obenh*. "Scores of words end in -lagnia, which means erotic arousal, but they do not appear here because -lagnia has no rhyme." That is something to be thankful for; also something of a challenge; but the compiler then squanders his space-savings on a list of such "identicals" which appear in other rhyming dictionaries but not his. Such mocking ill befalls a man who lists both uxoralence and uxoralence (not in his glossary, and unrecognized by Burchfield) twice, twice each, on the same page, as rhymes for both balance and assallance, and twists the knife with uxoralence and uxoralence with long and short vowels.

Mr Espy's geniality and industry excuse a lot, including nearly all of his facetiousness. In the introductory "Primer of Prosody" a large number of exotic rhyme schemes are defined (can you, without looking, distinguish between a rondeau, a rondel, a roundel and rondellet?) and examples are given. All the examples are by Mr Espy, which ensures a homogeneity of tone.

Words to Rhyme with Words will not advance the cause of poetry one hemistich, but will provide encouragement and ammunition for endless versifiers. Is this an unworthy (fun-worthily, Hunworthy) objective? Espy does not allow these, but does offer rhymes for ON'WOR.THE: loanworthy, groenworthy, moanworthy. There's inspiration right there, something hauntingly, dauntingly, vauntingly, tauntingly, wantingly (where does Espy come from?) doable, undoable, renewable, subduable and (I would add, though Espy doesn't) screwable.

If I were to fill the columns of this newspaper with letters thanking me for my esteemed

AUTHOR, AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 309

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the ten quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than January 23. A prize of £50 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 309" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Friary House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on January 30.

1 *Din Gulf* was my first book (free verse); *Night-Rite* Came next; then *Hebe's Cup*, my final float in that damp carnival, for now I term Everything "Poems", and no longer squirm.

2 If thee thyself couldst only see Thy greatness that is and yet to be, Thou wouldst feel joy-beauty-ecstasy. They are at thy feet, earth-moon-sea, the trinity.

3 Look down, Conquistador, There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake, the jewelled cities gleam, Chalco and Tlacopan. Await the coming Man: Look down on Mexico, Conquistador, Land of your golden dream.

4 Since first I beheld you, Adele, While dancing the colinda, I have remained faithful to the thought of you; My freedom has departed from me, I care no longer for all other negresses; I have no heart left for thopoi - You have such grace and cunning; - You are like the Congo serpent.

5 Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her; If you can bounce high, bounce for her too, Till she cry: "Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover, I must have you!"

favour of the 23rd inst and begging to enclose a cheque for 42 pence to my Goodself, I should be accused of wasting your time; but I should only be following in the steps of Poet Close of Kirkby Stephen, a man who knew how to turn every part of a pig to profit, chitterlings, bristles and trotters, with royalties on the squeal. I recently paid tribute to the sweet singer of Welwyn Garden City as a man who had privatized his talent to great effect, but Poet Close beats him in time-and-motion seven ways from Sunday. I've seen Poet Close's *Ninth Grand Christmas Book* (1878), and I've no doubt the preceding eight and the succeeding I don't know how many were cast in the same mould. (Yes, I do: *DNB*, with uncharacteristic lack of charity, tells me that he went on producing "metrical balderdash" until his death in 1891.) I have the paper-backed issue which sold for three-and-sixpence; it was also available in cloth at 6/6, in calf at 8/6, and in morocco at 10/6; I imagine for a guinea you could have Poet Close himself for a fortnight (or a week for two guineas, of course).

The imprint is unusual: "Kirkby-Stephen, Westmoreland: Published and sold only by Poet Close (sole Proprietor), at his House, called Poets Hall, New Terrace, Kirkby Stephen; at the Railway station in Winter; and at the Lakes, Windermere, in Summer."

Poet Close fills 144pp (plus prelims) without undue strain, to say nothing of a fine inserted lithograph of the Earl of Lonsdale, patron of the Poet Close, a frontispiece of Lowther Castle, the home of the Earl of Lonsdale, patron of the Poet Close, and a portrait of Jarvis William Close, eldest son of the Poet Close, who got into the Blue Coats School through the patronage of the Lowthers and studied the dead languages and mathematics and won several prizes and (in a stop press footnote) has now won an exhibition at Queen's College, Oxford, of £45 for the next six years but has not the means to go there *so all is lost*!

There is a dedication (to the Earl of Lonsdale), a Grand Marriage Poem (on the Marriage of the Earl of Lonsdale), an Impromptu poem (on the marriage of the brother of the Earl of Lonsdale), with a rather brutalist woodcut of the Earl on his honeymoon. There are articles of general interest (Gentlemen Farmers of this day, Mr Wales the great Wendal dentist visits Poet Close at the Lakes, Poet Close dreams a remarkable dream of Mr "Gentleman Wales" the celebrated Wendal

dentist; Captain Senhouse J.P. of Ashby & Leger - his annual kindness to Poet Close), adverts composed by the poet, diatribes and apologies ("uncalled for insult to Poet Close"), There are obituaries ("Alas! the Fairest Flower / Nipped by the icy hand of death", unsolicited tributes ("Friend of Lord Lonsdale we greet thee!"), new appointments to the local constabulary are announced, with animadversions on the previous incumbent, who ordered the previous annual and still owes Poet Close 3/6d. If you take an advertisement with Poet Close as only is your establishment praised ("Now Gannett is a clever man, his Ferns and Plants the best"; "Tis here they take their portraits with such skill / none can surpass them nor e'er ever will"); but also your family: "No Photo in her father's studio Grand / So bright and fair . . . tho' Sol's own hand / Takes many a one in westmoreland; / None like Miss Brunsell"). Tangible tributes are reported verbatim: "I was sorry to hear of your troubles. I beg your acceptance of the enclosed"; "I am favoured with your letter and regret exceedingly to hear that you are not merely suffering from Impeniosity but also from Illhealth". They took a pride in retaining their independence, you see, did these Victorians. So much more dignified than scrambling for Arts Council money.

I have been sent, by a reader of uncommon kindness and resource, a document of inexpressible value to any decent person, but especially to students of the literary history of Welwyn Garden City; it is the March 1938 issue of *Barclay Corsetry Service Bulletin*, which contains fourteen verses of the Song of the Barobon, which was by way of being Barclay's flagship product. Some of the topical references need research (What was the RCD? What can we postulate about the identity of Mrs B.P.R., "the better half of the previously mentioned Giant from Forfar"? What was the precise role of Miss Morgan in the canteen?), but the chorus has a rare directness of style, and, despite the passage of years, accessibility.

Barclay Corsets are the very, very Best
Barclay Corsets are the very, very Best
Barclay Corsets are the very, very Best
They are made with Barco-Booi!

(John Brown's Body, of course.)

Competition No 305

Winner: C. D. Lyle

Answers:
1 Love of thy father me through seas did guide;
On seas I bore thee, and on seas I died.
I died; and by my winding-sheet a wave
I had, and all the ocean for my grave.
John Dryden, *The Conquest of Granada*, act 4, scene 1.

2 They fought with God's cold -
And they could not and fell to the deck
(Crushed them) or water (drowned them) or rolled
With the sea-romp over the wreck.
G. M. Hopkins, "The Wreck of the Deutschland".

3 They sleep well here
These father-folk who passed their anxious days
In fierce Atlantic ways;
And found not there,
Beneath the long curled waves,
So quiet a grave.
Ernest Dowson, "In a Breton cemetery".

4 Bleating one, little antlers,
O lamenter we like
delightful the clamouring
from your glea you make.

5 Bleating one, little antlers,
O lamenter we like
delightful the clamouring
from your glea you make.

6 To thee, sweet Nell, when shadows fall
Jug-jug! Jug-jug!
I here in thrall
My wanton thoughts do turn.
Walks she out yet with Byrne?
Moves Hyde his hand amid her skirts
As erst? I ask, and Echo answers: Certes.

7 Now, too, the feathered warblers tune their notes
Around, and charm the listening grove - the lark!
The linnet (chaffinch) bullfinch! goldfinch!

8 But oh, to me no joy can they afford
Nor rose, nor wallflower, nor smart gillyflower,
Nor polyanthus mean, nor dapper daisy,
Nor William sweet, nor marjoram - nor lark,
Linnot, nor all the finches of the grove!

9 Oh, ours is a land
Where the living is grand,
And the men are as fearless as sharks;
The women are pure,
And we always are sure
That our children will all toe their marks.
Sai, Sai Lo-ro-zoi
What a rich, lucky island are we!
Our economies qualify,
For they know they will fail
Against people so reverent and free.

10 O Eloquence and what art thou?
Ay what art thou? because we cried
And everybody cried inside
When they came out their eyes were red -
And it was your doing Father said.

Letters

Russian Emigré Writers

St. - That my remarks on Russian émigré writers ("A Change of Venue: Russian émigré writers of the Emigration", November 21) There are obituaries ("Alas! the Fairest Flower / Nipped by the icy hand of death", unsolicited tributes ("Friend of Lord Lonsdale we greet thee!"), new appointments to the local constabulary are announced, with animadversions on the previous incumbent, who ordered the previous annual and still owes Poet Close 3/6d. If you take an advertisement with Poet Close as only is your establishment praised ("Now Gannett is a clever man, his Ferns and Plants the best"; "Tis here they take their portraits with such skill / none can surpass them nor e'er ever will"); but also your family: "No Photo in her father's studio Grand / So bright and fair . . . tho' Sol's own hand / Takes many a one in westmoreland; / None like Miss Brunsell"). Tangible tributes are reported verbatim: "I was sorry to hear of your troubles. I beg your acceptance of the enclosed"; "I am favoured with your letter and regret exceedingly to hear that you are not merely suffering from Impeniosity but also from Illhealth". They took a pride in retaining their independence, you see, did these Victorians. So much more dignified than scrambling for Arts Council money.

I thought in the first half of my article to present an outsider's view of the émigré press and the ways that Russian traditions contribute to its peculiar features". Among the latter I mentioned (1) a certain diffuseness of expression, (2) a tendency to clannishness, and (3) an absence of serious literary criticism. Of these, Professor Smith addresses only the first, dismissing it as platitudinous and offering, presumably as a counter-example, the pointed observation that "there is a large number of émigré authors and they have a lot to say". Yes indeed.

I also agree - who would not? - that "their writings need to be taken seriously and analysed", but that seemed more the programme for a book than for a 2,500-word article. I was accordingly and specifically not concerned, though Smith's references to "literary texts" and "literary journals" imply that I was and/or

should have been) with the Russian poetry and fiction being published in the West. The two journals mentioned in the second half of my article both identify themselves more broadly, 22 as "a social-political and literary journal of the Jewish intelligentsia from the USSR in Israel", *Koninent* as "a literary, social-political and religious journal". It was on that broader character that the article was focused.

After analysing the Sinyavsky-Khmeintsky incident at some length, my article concluded that certain of its aspects "might be seen as exemplifying the current situation of the Russian émigré press"; Smith, in a particularly puzzling paragraph, finds it "seriously misleading to imply that the . . . incident is somehow representative of recent Russian émigré literature" - and then goes on to argue that it is, and for "entirely legitimate" reasons!

I do believe that Russian intellectual journals in the West are incomparably more ghetto-like than their North American counterparts in their relative imperviousness to ideas from other cultures (including those in whose midst they are written and read). And I don't believe that the academy is the only place one can fairly expect to see a broad spectrum of conflicting views confronting each other. Pro-

fessor Smith has a right to regard this view as "not very perceptive", but he has no right, according to the *OED*, to say that to hold it is to "denigrate [sic] writers for not behaving like academics".

There is the problem: I can't be sure how far we really differ on periodicals published in Russian, given our manifest differences over what constitutes accurate and responsible writing in English.

DONALD FANGER.
62 rue Tiquetonne, 75002 Paris.

Gonville and Caius College

Sir, - In his review of Christopher Brooke's *History of Gonville and Caius College* (December 12) Richard Shannon implies that the odd pronunciation of Caius has nothing to do with any "cultural quirk" but simply with Dr Caius's self-latinization. It is not quite as simple as that. In fact the quirks of the English pronunciation of Latin at that time were such that the Doctor's choice was really rather felicitous. For the Latin name would then have been pronounced roughly like "key-us", and his own name as "keys". Subsequent changes

in the English vowel-sounds resulted, by the eighteenth century, in the pronunciation of the English name as "keys" and of the Latin as "key-us". Amongst other errors, the unreformed English pronunciation of Latin overlooked the fact that the C of Caius reflected an early Latin spelling for G, preserved in the abbreviations Cn and Cn (for Cnaeus), and that in Latin the name in fact had three syllables, Gai-us (I am told that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* actors nowadays tend to use a strange mixture, "k-eye-us", for the Doctor of that name).

All these errors combined to favour Dr Keys's purpose, and he was doing only minor violence to traditional pronunciation in adopting the Latin spelling. It is thus not surprising to find that he himself wrote a work *De Pronunciatione Graecae et Latinae Linguae*, remarkable mainly for the ludicrous nature of its arguments, in which he attacked the Erasmus reforms recently propounded in Cambridge by humanists like Cheke and Smith; for had they succeeded (as they did in the case of Greek), the phonetic basis for the spelling of his own name would have been demolished.

W. SIDNEY ALLEN.
Trinity College, Cambridge.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON

The TLS of December 28, 1911, carried a review of *Plays for an Irish Theatre* by W.B. Yeats, from which the following extracts are taken:

"Tragic drama," says Mr. Yeats in his preface, "must be carved out of speech as a statue is out of stone." Whence comes, then, we ask ourselves after reading the plays in this volume, our feeling that all the characters have maintained a profound silence? Perhaps Mr. Yeats can best answer that question for us: Tragic art, passionate art, the drowner of dykes, the confounder of understanding, moves us by setting us to reverie, by alluring us almost to the intensity of trance. The persons upon the stage, let us say, are greaten ill they are humanity itself. We feel our minds expand convulsively or spread out slowly like some moon-brightened, image-crowded sea. That which is before our eyes perpetually vanishes and returns again in the midst of the excitement it creates, and the more entralling it is the more do we forget it.

"Forget it" is not right; the remainder of the

quotation tells the truth of such tragic art as that which Mr. Yeats carves out of speech. No more than the sculptor's is his work confined to the creation of a person or a character. Like the sculptor, he sets free a spirit - a force of which the range and degree cannot be measured, a live thing which plants its own life in the spirits of men . . .

No dramatic poet has ever brought to such a pitch the art of spiritual suggestion as has Mr. Yeats. Ibsen, it is true, is full of it; but he holds our ears with the notes he strikes, and lets the harmonics be heard if they can. Mr. Yeats strikes the note in order that we may hear the harmonics. Mr. Maeterlinck, again, though he seems to reach out into infinity, reaches only into an infinity which is the same in kind as the finite world he puts before you. Mr. Yeats's people, more passionate and more decided than Mr. Maeterlinck's, are yet the shadow-shapes of a totally different world. There are two remarkable instances of this in the book before us. In spite of a rather crude opening, the play of *Deirdre* impresses one with a sense of coming doom, the doom of these very people, Deirdre and her lover Naisi, till one feels the need of crying out to Naisi not to be a fool nor trust King Conchubar. The setting of *The Shadowy Waters*, with its mutinous sailors, its treasurership, its captive queen, is as vivid as can be. Yet when these two plays have been read or seen, we find that the fortunes of the people called Deirdre and Naisi, or Forgael, or Ailbri, or Deictora have been but a very small part of our experience. We have been far away, "set to reverie, allured almost to the intensity of trance." This is no accident. It is the deliberate aim of a tragic poet who has so mastered these sharp and shallow things, words, that he can make them suggest a silence that may be heard . . .

For these and other reasons it seems likely, alas! that these plays will remain plays for an Irish theatre, and will never become plays for all English-speaking theatres. If Mr. Yeats, revising and revising his plays, as his way is, must cut out "traitor," "sword," "suborned," words of a too traditional usage, because he had not "plunged them into personal thought and metaphor," what chance has an act so finely wrought as this of equally fine interpretation? Even the players of the Abbey Theatre, whom it is a delight to see and to praise, sometimes break the spell by too loud a tone, too sharp a gesture - interest us for a moment exclusively in Deirdre or in Cuchulain. The actor, no less than the language, must be "plunged into personal thought". . . . As we linger over these plays, diving deeper and deeper into the beauty and meaning of these deceptively simple and natural speeches, we are almost persuaded that we are happy in having seen them all acted once and having no prospect of seeing them acted again. But that is hardly fair to Mr. Yeats, who wrote them and re-wrote them for the stage, their proper place.

The Panizzi Lectures

H. R. Woudhuysen

The 1986 Panizzi Lectures, given by T. A. Birrell, attracted large and enthusiastic audiences to the British Museum. Professor Birrell's subject was "The English Monarchs and their Books: from Henry VII to Charles II". The Old Royal Library was given to the British Museum by George II in 1757, having since Commonwealth days had a chequered history of neglect, theft and almost regular wandering about London. The Museum, newly opened in 1759 at Montagu House, provided the books with a more permanent home (though some duplicates were sold in 1769 and 1832), and, in Dr Matthew Maty, with a Keeper who realized the value of what had been placed in his charge. The books were arranged by Maty according to which monarch he thought had acquired them: each book then had its respective royal initials tooled on its spine. This perceptive royal initiative tooled on its spine. This perceptive royal initiative tooled on its spine.

Compared with the contemporary British left, *Dissent* has few qualms about defending made unionism against the Reaganite onslaught. Every issue reports on some local dispute or other, and most issues reflect on the larger questions of labour unions and moderate socialism. On American foreign policy, *Dissent* is decent rather than drastic. In the latest number, Michael Walzer points out how absurd it is to say that the American bombing of Libya was "state terrorism" (terrorism is indiscriminate, the US airforce tried very hard to hit specific targets); but, if it wasn't terrorism, it may well have been stupid - too much like the "smart bombs" too simple a view of the world. Abraham Brumberg is part gloomy, part optimistic: he is not impressed by the grudging and reluctant way the Sandinistas have responded to complaints about their steadily increasing control of the whole of political life, but thinks that left to themselves - ie, not prevented into repression by American-backed action - they might develop a more pluralist and pluralist politics. Whether they will or not alone is another matter entirely.

The Thomas Hardy Society announces that a prize of £200 will be awarded in 1988 to the writer or editor of the book which in the opinion of the panel of judges contributes most to our appreciation of Hardy's writings and/or life. Eligible for the prize will be any book published in Great Britain or abroad in 1986 or 1987. The judges will be Professor Ronald Draper of Aberdeen University, Professor Robert Schwerk of Fredonia State University, New York, and Dr James Gibson, Editor of the *Thomas Hardy Journal*. Further information can be obtained from Dr James Gibson, 4 Gorse Mews, Canterbury, Kent, CT1 1JB (telephone 0227 455775).

Royal Society, who happened also to be a king and whose beautiful bindings for his books are unlike those of any other European monarch in their restrained modesty. But the villains of the story also have their attractions: Henry VII, among whose expensive showpieces only a volume describing double entry book-keeping stands out; Henry VIII, almost literally wrestling with his books, subduing them and gutting them for references to divorce and his own circumstances; James I assiduously collecting all the works of any author who might have written against him, and keeping an eye on the book fairs for new publications about his favourite subjects of duelling, witchcraft, fresh fruit and tobacco; or Charles I annotating, improving and correcting the authors he read, sparing neither Bacon's apophthegms nor the titles of Shakespeare's plays in the copy of the second Folio now at Windsor. The only ruler whose library still remains something of a mystery to Birrell is that of Queen Elizabeth. Only a small number, about three hundred, of her books survive, with little foreign material and no pattern of collecting clearly discernible. Edward's school texts and Mary's religious books are witnesses to their scholarly and religious humanism, but Elizabeth's library, which incorporates books owned by courtiers like the Earl of Leicester and Sir Christian Hatton, reveals little about the Queen.

Professor Birrell's work on the Old Royal Library has broken new ground both in the history of book collecting and in the study of the lives and intellectual interests of the Tudors and Stuarts. His lectures richly deserve to be published and should appear in the near future. To complement the series an exhibition of books, manuscripts and bindings is on display in the King's Library at the British Museum until February 15, 1987.

COMMENTARY

The brimstone voice

David Nokes

DENNIS POTTER
The Singing Detective
BBC 1

Dennis Potter remains the authentic wild man of British television. His stormy skirmishes with the programming authorities are well known, yet even now, when BBC drama productions are routinely denounced in the tabloid press, it is not only the pressures of censorship which restrain his fellow television dramatists. More often they are tamed by the seductive blandness of the medium itself, decoyed by the lure of expensive locations and the microtic of mood music into an Aladdin's cave of special effects and production values. Potter has tamed the medium instead. *The Singing Detective* glutts our greedy appetite for vicious fantasy with an ornate confection of creamy textures and sugary tunes rich enough to make us sick. Potter's sugar conceals not so much a pill as a poison. An odour of corruption rises from each velvet surface and haunting melody. The opulence of the series, like Lear's ounce of civet, barely sweetens an imagination too conscious of the sulphurous pit beneath.

At the centre of the drama Michael Gambon as Philip Marlow, Potter's alter ego in this peculiarly personal extravaganza, lies helpless on his hospital bed like a flayed lobster, his skin flaking with psoriasis as he weaves an emotional poultice of pulp fiction around his private nightmares. Gambon's performance is a triumph of damaged humanity, sputtering with pain and rage yet retaining the sardonic worldliness of an impresario. At one level *The Singing Detective* is a masterpiece of pastiche, mixing an elegant cocktail of film noir, hospital drama and nostalgic musical. But the disquieting potency of Potter's mixture comes from the emotional rawness underlying all the technical *haute cuisine*. "Sex and lies, that's what it's all about. Sex and lies," croaks Gambon from his bed. Through all the spoofs and fantasies, the false clues and wistful tunes, sounds a brimstone voice as fierce as any Old Testament

prophet. "Fuck. Dirt. Death", Marlow spits at the games-playing psychiatrist (Bill Paterson). It is his litany for life.

Potter's Marlow with his "paperback-soiled, side-of-the-mouth mid-Atlantic quips" turns the idioms of the hard-boiled whodunnit into an allegory of *The Fall*. "Who did it?" whines Mr Hall (David Ryall) in the end bed, baffled

by his role in someone else's fantasy. "Who did it?" demands the schoolmistress in the Forest of Dean, indicating a pile of unnamable human wickedness on her desk-top. The teacher (Janet Henfrey) magnificently intimidatory in her moral certainty, calls down the finger of God to identify the offender. In the hallucinatory semiotics of the series the avenging finger

of God becomes associated with the obscure one-finger gesture of the old man in the hospital bed who dies in a drooling ecstasy, triggering the empty air and recalling the time in Hamburg when you could get a shag for two fags. "Couple of fags, eh? and up wiv their dresses, dahn wiv their knickers - Eh? Cor - I". In the school-room scene the young Philip Marlow (played with remarkable assurance by Lydon Davies), perpetrator of the wickedness on the desk, fingers a class-mate as the villain. The episode is taken, barely altered, from Potter's first television play *Stand Up Nigel Barton* and has the intensity of a personal obsession. Like the scene in which the young Philip sees, from his tree-top perch, his mother being shagged by a strange man, it is a traumatic image of guilt. Too raw to be symbols, yet too frozen to be melted into realism, such images compound a view of human life comic only in its cruelties. For some viewers the personal elements in *The Singing Detective* constitute a kind of embarrassing affront, as if Potter had allowed his pain to hijack his imagination in order to perpetrate a private act of vandalism. "The noise that fellow makes", complains Mr Hall at Marlow's yells of rage: "The shouting. The total lack of consideration." In fact, Potter's shouting turns his skin disease into a map of human corruption, a sequence of skinkscapes in which the horizon beyond horizon of escapist fantasy is mottled with primal guilt. In the first episode Nurse Mills, played by Joanne Whalley, applies a soothing grease to the skin around Marlow's penis in a parody of a *Men Only* fantasy. Suddenly the screen ejaculates with night-club eroticism and with roars of laughter and applause. But the comedy is chill and dark, for Marlow's cock-crow is also his humiliation. "It's the one part of me that still sort of functions", he admits: Fuck. Dirt. Death. *The Singing Detective* offers a combination of elegant illusion and lacerating humour that recalls the satires of Swift. The only remedy for the ills of the yahoos was a mixture of their own dung and urine put forcibly down their throats. Sweetened by Cole Porter and soured by Raymond Chandler, Potter offers us a dose of the same.



St Martin on horseback dividing his cloak with a beggar, a detail from an antiphoner by Girolamo Dai Libri of the monastery of SS Nazaro and Celso, Verona, 1492; from the exhibition reviewed below.

Non-Hobbit-forming

Humphrey Carpenter

The Hobbit
Fortune Theatre

The natural thing would have been for Tolkien's children's classic to have appeared on the London stage twenty years ago, at the height of the craze for all things hobbitiform. But the performing rights passed out of the hands of Tolkien and his family, and only recently have the current American owners seen fit to license a stage production. This *Hobbit* first appeared at the Phoenix Theatre, Leicester, a couple of seasons ago, with the same adapter-director (Graham Watkins) and the same Bilbo Baggins (Malcolm Dixon).

One cannot help wondering if, during these twenty years, other directors have contemplated the story and have wisely decided that it is untranslatable to the stage. There are two major problems: the fact that most of the story describes a journey, passing cinematically rather than theatrically from one spectacular location to another; and that the narrative lacks an obvious dramatic climax - the dragon dies well away from the main scene of action, and Bilbo is knocked unconscious just before the military denouement, so that the great battle has to be described to him after the event.

A bolder handler of the story might decide to do some substantial rewriting here - on stage, the dwarves themselves might be allowed to kill the dragon, and Bilbo might be permitted some final heroics. But Graham Watkins and his fellow adapter Romy Robinson have stuck slavishly to the story, so that we have a long series of fidgety little scenes. Their only alteration has been cutting, so that Gollum is deprived of nine-tenths of his riddle scene (one of the most theatrical parts of the original story, which transfers naturally to the stage), and

Bard the dragon-slayer makes his first appearance with bow already poised and the audience wondering who on earth he might be. The story goes at such breakneck speed that children unacquainted with the book can scarcely be expected to know what is going on, while aficionados are bound to be disappointed by the omission of so many gems.

Worst of all, on the cramped Fortune stage the style of Watkins's production comes out as bad repertory pantomime. Casting has been done on the grounds of physical appearance: Malcolm Dixon is the right diminutive height for Bilbo, but looks and sounds as if he would be more comfortable in the company of circus clowns; while the appropriately named Dudley Long brings six-foot-six to the part of Gandalf, but nothing else except constant irritation. "Goodbye!" he barks abruptly at the dwarves under the eaves of Mirkwood. "Some of you may come out of this all right, then again some of you may not." He clearly hopes the whole lot will fall into the jaws of Smaug the Magnificent.

Smaug, the dragon, is one of the two small triumphs of the evening: a wonderfully articulated worm whose jagged jaws threaten the front rows of the stalls most effectively. The other is Gollum (Tessa Crockett), a creature more out of *Dr. Who* than Middle Earth, but fearfully skinny and apparently twin-sexed, since Miss Crockett's voice comes out electronically as two people, male and female. For the rest of the evening, the pantomime front-cloths and borders rise and fall, the anonymous stage-school dwarves, goblins and elves queue to get on and off, and one is vaguely surprised not to see a song-sheet descending from the flies with Gandalf and Bilbo leading their respective halves of the audience in "We're All Happy in Hobbiton". It is a pity, for one remembers the RSC's *Peter Pan* as a demonstration of what can be done with children's theatre.

The Mantegna spirit

Rowan Watson

Miniatura Veronese del Rinascimento
Castelvecchio Museum, Verona, until January 4

One usually associates illumination with medieval rather than with Renaissance art. It is to the painter, sculptor or architect, all of whom produced work for public consumption, rather than for private browsing, that we first look for the leaders of the avant-garde in Renaissance Italy. But there were Renaissance illuminators of marvellous skill, and a major exhibition at the Castelvecchio Museum, Verona, of works from a number of European collections examines their work in the century and a half or so before Vasari dismissed illumination as an admirable but minor art.

Verona was subject to Venice from 1405. In contrast to Mantua with its glamorous Gonzaga court, or to Venice with its wealthy patrician classes, patronage in Verona was sustained largely by the Church. The exhibition shows us illuminated manuscripts, choir-books (corals) in particular, which were produced as part of a general programme of church restoration from the 1440s onwards. Book decoration from the S. Zeno monastery shows adherence to Gothic styles (and evidence of the Abbey's German connections) until Abbot Correr introduced a new kind of art to the city by ordering an altarpiece from Mantegna in 1459; from this time manuscripts in humanist style begin to appear in the Abbey's library.

Gothic taste was met to the end of the century by illuminators such as Antonio di Stefano, but more progressive artists seem to have cornered the bulk of commissions available. The work of Liberale da Verona is represented by some of the celebrated choir-books from Siena Cathedral. Liberale's experience in

Tuscany in the 1460s brought him into contact with artists of the stature of Girolamo da Cremona. But after he returned to Verona in the 1480s he reverted to less dramatic and even archaic styles. The Mantegna spirit, together with the learned classical allusions and architectural *troupe* l'oeil page designs of the Venice-Padua school, were more successful in inspiring Francesco Dai Libri. The exhibition's achievement is to show the range of his work as an illuminator and to differentiate it from that of his son Girolamo Dai Libri (1474-1555). Vasari's reference to the latter as a child prodigy (the earliest dated work shown is of 1492) and a great master is amply vindicated. The juxtaposition of leaves from a Gradual illuminated by Girolamo, probably for the Olivetan Abbey of Santa Maria in Organo, and his large painting of the Deposition, resplendent after its recent restoration, supports the contention in the catalogue that his painting style derives from his style as an illuminator.

Colour transparencies take us beyond the manuscripts exhibited, making their significance vividly apparent. Those of the Missal illuminated (as the catalogue would have it) by Francesco di Bettino in the Rome of Michelangelo in the 1490s are shown next to Bettino's Antiphonier for S. Zeno made shortly after, an eloquent indication of the swiftness of the diffusion of High Renaissance style. From the Musée Marmottan in Paris is a transparency of an illuminated leaf recently identified as that by Girolamo Dai Libri extravagantly praised by Vasari. Much of the illumination shown survives as fragments or single leaves. Manuscripts were dismembered in this way in order to satisfy a market influenced by Pre-Raphaelite taste. While deploring this nineteenth-century vandalism, in which even Ruskin indulged, one is grateful that it allows the display of more miniatures than the single opening of a complete book would permit.

An economy of effects

Stephen Wall

SHAKESPEARE
Hamlet
Theatre

The physical resources needed to play Lear in the theatre are not likely to be found in a room of fourscore and upward, and it is understandable that the part is most often tackled by actors in middle life and mid-career. Although not hitherto associated with elderly roles, Anthony Hopkins brings some well-earned touches of onsetting senility to his scene in which the young Philip sees, from his tree-top perch, his mother being shagged by a strange man, it is a traumatic image of guilt. Too raw to be symbols, yet too frozen to be melted into realism, such images compound a view of human life comic only in its cruelties. For some viewers the personal elements in *The Singing Detective* constitute a kind of embarrassing affront, as if Potter had allowed his pain to hijack his imagination in order to perpetrate a private act of vandalism. "The noise that fellow makes", complains Mr Hall at Marlow's yells of rage: "The shouting. The total lack of consideration." In fact, Potter's shouting turns his skin disease into a map of human corruption, a sequence of skinkscapes in which the horizon beyond horizon of escapist fantasy is mottled with primal guilt. In the first episode Nurse Mills, played by Joanne Whalley, applies a soothing grease to the skin around Marlow's penis in a parody of a *Men Only* fantasy. Suddenly the screen ejaculates with night-club eroticism and with roars of laughter and applause. But the comedy is chill and dark, for Marlow's cock-crow is also his humiliation. "It's the one part of me that still sort of functions", he admits: Fuck. Dirt. Death. *The Singing Detective* offers a combination of elegant illusion and lacerating humour that recalls the satires of Swift. The only remedy for the ills of the yahoos was a mixture of their own dung and urine put forcibly down their throats. Sweetened by Cole Porter and soured by Raymond Chandler, Potter offers us a dose of the same.

Exhortations and anathemas

Julian Budden

SHAKESPEARE
Nabucco
La Scala, Milan

This pioneering study of its composer, written in 1931, Francis Toye described *Nabucco* as "probably the most satisfactory of all the early Verdi operas". And indeed this seems to have been a view commonly held among Verdians at the time; including the young Massimo Mila. Veritably perspectives change with the passing of years; and Mila is not the only one nowadays to award the palm jointly to *Macbeth* and *Ernani* rather than to their predecessor. What no one would dispute is that all three operas, together with *Luisa Miller*, form the main pillars of the pre-*Rigoletto* - or, as we would now say since the re-discovery of that lost masterpiece - pre-*Stiffelio* canon.

Nabucco is the third opera to appear in the new Critical Edition of Verdi's works published by the Casa Ricordi and the University of Chicago Press (copies to be available in the New Year). As with *Rigoletto* (the first) it was decided to launch it in a prestigious performance at one of Europe's leading opera-houses rather than in a "historical evocation" with young artists in a lesser theatre as was done with *Ernani* (the second). La Scala put forth all its strength - artistic and financial - for the occasion. In Renato De Simone's production, the sets (Mauro Carosi) and costumes (Odette Niccoli), largely inspired by Assyrian bas-reliefs, were simple, massive and very effective. Stage-stylized images of birds and beasts, hovering cloudscapes and long, curving staircases dominate most of the scenes. The thunderbolt that strikes the King is followed by a solar eclipse. If on the night that I was there the image of Baal dissolved in a puff of smoke before Nabucco's annihilating gaze, nobody was moved to titter.

One of the great virtues of Riccardo Muti as conductor is the iron control that he exercises over every element of a performance, even if at times he may incline to inflexibility. So it was that only an orchestra as disciplined as that of La Scala could have played the final allegro of the overture to Muti's relentless pace without faltering. Verdi himself especially in relation to this opera, always preferred conductors to err on the side of speed, and certainly an approach of this sort is more suited to the music than the "liberal" interpretation of a Sinopoli who

enough. He is at his best when not seeming to try too hard: Lear's anarchic conclusion in his madness that "None does offend, none, I say none" is spoken by Hopkins with a screen-actor's restraint, a significant pause before the last "none" making the subversive thought seem genuinely the product of recent experience.

In the early scenes Hopkins gives Lear the authority that Kent looks for, but its exercise leaves him uncomfortable, isolated. The storm (a good advertisement for the National's sound system) comes as a kind of release; this Lear's attitude to it is more gleefully collusive than defiantly Promethean. A grim sense of humour appears fitfully throughout. In the scene of Goneril's mock-trial, the grotesque juxtapositions of the mad King, the pseudo-mad Edgar and the cracked Fool do not have a sufficiently destabilizing effect. In the later mad scene, however, Hopkins is deeply touching in his apparently heartless exchange with the now eyeless Gloucester about blind Cupid; the king makes the duke share the appalling joke, but without offence because Lear hugs him affectionately as he does so. One is made to realize afresh how much they have in common, how what they have been through puts them beyond conventional sensibilities. It is characteristic of Hopkins's interpretation that his final entry should be comparatively muted. His "Howl, howl, howl!" doesn't begin as a terrifying off-stage cry like Paul Scofield's or as a heart-broken whimper like Eric Porter's, but is almost matter-of-fact, underlining the relative

spotlights every fibre of the somewhat homespun score. No singer can ever perform better than the conductor allows them; and the vocal performances were of a very high order. Ghena Dimitrova was in her element in the barnstorming role of Abigail, moving and acting, as well as singing, with authority. As Zaccaria, Paola Burchuladze displayed a remarkably wide range; he thundered his exhortations and anathemas and whispered his prayers in a voice that reached effortlessly to the back of the auditorium; it was a pity that somewhere between the two extremes there is a gap that only a perfect "messa di voce" could cover. At fifty, Renato Bruson, the Nabucco, is at the height of his fame and therefore in demand everywhere. In style, musicianship and histrionic ability he still leaves most Italian baritones far behind (in Act III he really did suggest a man who has suffered some kind of stroke); but the tally of his engagements is beginning to show; and by Act IV a certain fixity was beginning to spoil his tone. Bruno Beccaria (Ismaele) has an attractive voice; but his love affair was clearly not with Fenena, his love affair was clearly not with Fenena, sung by the rather hard-toned Raquel Pierot (sung by the rather hard-toned Raquel Pierot) but with the audience, to whom he addressed every word from the front of the stage where possible. When just as he is about to escape with Fenena a file of Assyrian soldiers crossed his vision (they ought to have been disguised as Hebrews but were not) he never turned a hair - until brought up short by an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with Ismaele. Praise is also due to the chorus of La Scala whose rendering of "Va, pensiero, sull'ale dorate" (its last note fading into infinity rather like the female chorus in Holst's "Neptune" from *The Planets*) stopped the show and had to be encored on the opening night.

Or shall we now have to call it "Va pensiero sull'ale dorate", without punctuation? That is how the line is written both in the autograph and also in the libretto printed for the first performance; and certainly the *e* of the rarer form is more open and therefore more singable than what we usually hear. All such points are dealt with scrupulously by the editor Roger Parker. As with *Rigoletto* the average listener is unlikely to notice any differences between the Critical Edition and not the standard modern version; the improvements in phrasing and articulation will only make themselves felt subliminally. But like all the best critical editions this one aims not to prescribe but to furnish as much information as possible and so provide the widest possible base for a legitimate interpretation.

Shakespeare today is decidedly France's most successful playwright, a position which Molière had held unrivalled for some 300 years. He has three major productions on at the moment in Paris - one in Molière's own house, the Comédie-Française - and three more are due to open in the coming weeks. Indeed he is so much at home in France that a young director, Daniel Mesguich, maintains that Shakespeare was a Frenchman, called Guillaume Branlelance, whose name and work were surreptitiously stolen by an anonymous translator who took all the credit himself. Mesguich is so fascinated by *Hamlet* that he is directing it for the second time. His first production, which was staged in 1977, overwhelmed the audience by deconstructing the play more thoroughly than any academic researcher would have dared. The current production, slightly less provocatively, expresses the same obsession with doubles and mirrors integrated within a most articulate theatrical frame. Mesguich considers *Hamlet* as *drame total* in every sense. The tragedy has inspired such a wealth of criticism, and left such a permanent furrow in European consciousness that it can no longer be approached in primal innocence, severed from its accretions.

The title part is played by Mesguich himself. His production is a sustained play on the word "repetition", which in French implies both repeating and rehearsing. For to Mesguich this is precisely what *Hamlet* is about: an ancient story of fathers and sons and murdered kings told over and over again, and which keeps on endlessly repeating itself, and which is in the process of being enacted. So it must be located in the no man's land between the world of fiction and the walls of the theatre. Mesguich exploits to the full the dual nature of dramatic-mimesis, stressing all the *double entendres* which make so many lines of the play meaningful in both worlds. The ghost of Hamlet's father never appears at all, for "spectre" is but akin to "spectacle" and ghosts are but shadows, reflections of the actors themselves - the most disturbing of all sights. And it is the actor who must print in his memory the ghostly commands of his author, words which no son of a murdered father would be likely to forget. The quality of the role is basic to any theatrical interpretation.

stoicism shown earlier. This makes the final break-down into abject grief all the more affecting. Cordelia is placed on a table instead of on the ground, and Lear sits as if at her bedside. His five "Nevers" - one of the most daunting lines in Shakespeare, after all - seem intensely natural in this position, and are given with a moving spontaneity.

Anthony Hopkins is always at his best when in close physical relationship with one of the other characters (there's an arresting moment when he and Goneril almost come to blows), and one of the reasons why this production doesn't make the overwhelming impression it should is that it starves him of such contacts. The wide open spaces of the Olivier stage do not promote intimacy at the best of times, but David Hare's direction fails to give the central performance the human, social or even historical context it needs. During the division of the kingdom and elsewhere the court looks on with inert impassivity; Lear's knights make no attempt either to live up to or to live down Goneril's charges of riotous behaviour; when Edgar becomes Poor Tom he is briefly folded by a group of beggars never seen again; and although there is an attempt to make the Act V battle theatrically exciting, it is by then too late to establish a production style which would have given it unity and coherence. The costumes, by Christine Stromberg, are in the now predictably chaotic couture which theoretically suggests timelessness but in fact creates vacuum. Hayden Griffin's huge hanging screens which pull back to become canopies

The self-reflecting stage

Dominique Goy-Blanquet

SHAKESPEARE
Hamlet
Théâtre Gerard Philipe, St Denis, Paris

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Admittedly, something is lost in the process. Shakespeare introduced actors to expose the court as a world of deceit, but here the truth is nowhere to be found. By constantly crossing the boundary between stage and fiction, Mesguich blurs the clear distinction drawn in the original between honest professionals and Machiavellian performers of theatrical tricks. Yet it is all so pleasurable that even the gravest of academics will find it hard to resent his impertinent treatment of a time-honoured masterpiece.

are innocuous but uncommunicative. The physical sense of England which is so strong in the play is largely neglected. The sense of time-war is increased by Nick Bickart's inappropriate music.

Lear also suffers from unevenness in the other main roles. Although Goneril and Regan are strongly played by Anna Massey and Suzanne Bertish, the Cordelia of Miranda Foster is simply too pallidly conventional to sustain the usually infallible *Affekt* of the reunion between father and daughter. The Gloucester of Michael Bryant is an unselfish and subtle reading by an actor who has mastered the art of remaining both audible and natural in his theatre; his evident love of Edgar is touchingly stressed. Edgar himself, however, is played by Bill Nighy as a nice chap who is badly out of his depth as Poor Tom and finds keeping it up rather a strain. The part is no doubt under-motivated, but it is not helped by voicing Poor Tom's obscure complaints in a rapid over-pitched blur of sound, so that the suggestiveness of the words is lost. The most eccentric piece of David Hare's casting is the Fool of Roshan Seth, who delivers his gags in a tone of irritable Anglo-Indian pedantry that does nothing at all to explain the relationship between him and Lear - a relationship essential to the emotional continuity of the play because (as everyone remarks) it is analogous to that between Lear and Cordelia. In the end it is not surprising that Anthony Hopkins's Lear fails to move as much as it might when it is so unintelligibly served by his director.

rical act. In this particular play, situations repeat themselves and characters come in pairs: duplication, as much as duplicity, is a leitmotiv of the text, making Mesguich's direction legitimate in a way. His protagonists see their stories reflected in each other's fates, in other actors dressed like themselves, in miniature theatres, and in actual mirrors. The kaleidoscopic effect is ordered by unsuspected but logical implications within the text. Thus on hearing that his "sister's drowned", Laertes asks "Where?" A stupid question, says Mesguich, unless he means there is no water on stage. The answer is a pun. Ophelia steps into a "baignoire", a box in the stalls which shares its name with a bathtub.

But there is no resisting the power of stage illusion. The actors of "The Mousetrap" are dragged on in their everyday clothes, plainly actors of *Hamlet* who were taking a break. When asked to give a speech, the First Player embarks on "To be or not to be", which is on all their minds. Then Hamlet/Mesguich airs his views on how to act, but one of the actors flatly refuses to play, claiming that the theatre does not hold the mirror up to nature, and launches into a captivating account of a confidence trick. When he dries up, his friends prompt him, and he repeats after them "I am telling the truth". Not five minutes later, the king interrupts the performance of "The Mousetrap" by shouting "Lights! lights!" . . . and the houselights duly come up, the stranded cast flees to the wings for the interval, and the audience comes back to earth with a jolt. No matter how often our attention is called to the stage business, we walk into the trap of fiction every time.

Mesguich develops the theatrical references which run through *Hamlet* into a consistent reflection on the eternal recreating powers of the theatre. Better still, he translates his highly cerebral reading of the play into pungent scenic effects. Polonius tears down the house curtain in his death throes, the linguistic fireworks spin off into visual explosions. The whole critical monument enshrining this most anatomized of all plays comes alive.

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Goodness and common sense

Brad Hooker

C.D. BROAD
Edited by C. Lewy
319pp. Dordrecht: Nijhoff £41.75.
9024730880

Publishing a philosopher's lectures more than thirty years after they were last given would normally be unwise, but this publication of C.D. Broad's complete lectures on moral philosophy, last given in 1952-3, might be an exception. The lectures are no doubt of some historical interest. And yet they are not merely that — they contain material dealing with some of the issues at the heart of current debate.

The book begins slowly: the first third, entitled "Moral Psychology", starts by serving up seemingly endless distinctions between various kinds of human powers, emotions, desires, cognitions, intrapersonal conflicts, etc. In evidence throughout the book is Broad's proclivity for thorough classification, including the coining of somewhat opaque terms for things alike in some (sometimes minimal) way. Reading through so much classification becomes, particularly in the first part of the book, wearisome. The first third of the book does, nevertheless, contain some important material, starting with Broad's well-known account of pleasure. Then comes his discussion of psychological egoism. Here Broad's bent for classification definitely works to his advantage and helps him produce the best philosophical treatment of the topic to date, an enviable accomplishment given its great importance and the long history of writing on it.

In the next part of the book, Broad painstakingly traces the interconnections among the following concepts: the actually right act; the act the agent believes is right; the act that on the empirical and ethical data at the agent's disposal it would be reasonable for him or her to conclude is right; the morally justifiable act; and the conscientious act. Particularly impressive is Broad's account of the different necessary and sufficient conditions for purely, predominantly, and partly conscientious action. This account has long been available in print, but its strength is enhanced by being set alongside his discussions of the other related concepts. Broad then offers an appealing sketch of the different degrees of moral discredit agents can bring upon themselves.

This part of the book also contains a survey of normative moral theories. Broad starts by distinguishing between a teleological or consequentialist principle, enjoining us to do what will produce the greatest balance of good over evil, and non-consequentialist principles, enjoining us (eg) to tell the truth and keep our promises. He also explains clearly the often overlooked point that someone who accepts only the consequentialist principle can (even if most don't) maintain that certain kinds of act have intrinsic value, that is, value apart from what they cause to come after them. Broad even makes the distinction, prominent in some of the best recent normative theory, between moral theories holding there is one end (eg, a happy universe) which everyone ought equally to promote, and moral theories holding there is no one end which everyone ought equally to promote.

Four "moral theories" come under Broad's scrutiny. The first, which he calls "the morality of common sense", is made up of non-consequentialist obligations plus a (fairly weak) utilitarian requirement to benefit others. Broad's description of common-sense morality is extraordinarily rich and, for the most part, clearly correct. For example, he emphasizes the important point, repeated from one of his previous papers, that common-sense morality gives us a greater obligation towards those connected with us in certain ways (family, friends, colleagues, neighbours) than towards those not connected with us in any special way.

His discussion of utilitarianism also deserves attention, though in this case caveats are in order. Unlike the usual modern practice, Broad defines utility to mean something broader than individuals' welfare; with the result that he counts consequentialism which is sensitive to the distribution as well as the amount of welfare as a version of, rather than as competing with, utilitarianism. Further-

more, Broad's discussion bears witness to the fact that the distinction between act utilitarianism and rule (or motive) utilitarianism had not yet come into prominence when he was writing. But in other respects his discussion is excellent: he formulates forceful arguments for utilitarianism; he makes insightful remarks about how it is both strengthened and weakened by being combined with hedonism; and he presents a marvellous version of a defence of utilitarianism recently reactivated in our own time, according to which common-sense morality is in fact reconciled with it because aiming to follow the principles of common-sense morality is generally what gives us the best chance of maximizing utility.

The third theory Broad considers is the theory that, all things considered, one ought always (or, it is always reasonable) to do the act most beneficial to oneself. He calls this theory "ethical egoism". First he demolishes Moore's argument for thinking that it is self-contradictory. In criticizing Sidgwick's treatment of egoism, however, Broad fails to get to the bottom of the matter. Sidgwick reluctantly found self-evident the principle that, all things considered, one ought to do whatever is best for oneself. Broad, echoing H. A. Prichard, comments that if the "ought" is taken to mean "prudentially ought", the principle is little more than a tautology and is anyway irrelevant, and that if it is taken to mean "morally ought", it is far from self-evident. These claims seem correct. Where Broad may falter, on the other hand, is in assuming with Prichard that these two are the only possible ways of reading the "ought". Perhaps the

egoist's claim should be interpreted as being about what one has most reason to do. Taken in this way, the egoist's principle is not a tautology and has enough shreds of self-evidence to be worth serious consideration (though if it is taken in this way, it should perhaps be called normative egoism rather than ethical egoism).

Kant's theory is the fourth that Broad discusses. This discussion contains few surprises, except for a curious distinction between "X morally ought to do such-and-such" and "such-and-such would be morally right for X to do". Broad's main objections against Kant are that Kant underestimated the differences between imperatives and ordinary moral indicatives; that his claim that morality has no utilitarian element is implausible; and that he was mistaken to think that all more specific moral obligations, such as to tell the truth, to keep promises, etc. can be derived from his Categorical Imperative. So, rejecting Kant's theory as well as egoism, Broad says we are left with two alternatives: utilitarianism and the multi-principled common-sense morality of W.D. Ross, which itself includes a utilitarian element. He hints he thinks that some form of the former is the best theory.

Broad then takes up two questions: What makes things good? and What is the best analysis of judgments that a thing is good? When focusing on the first question, he usefully discusses Moore's important principle of organic unities. When discussing the second question, however, he devotes rather too much space to Moore's view that the word "good" cannot be defined and stands for a "non-natural" property. This part contains further examples of

Broad's clarity, subtlety and penetration, but many modern readers might wonder whether Moore's non-naturalism deserves quite as much attention as it gets here.

Apart from the discussions of common-sense morality and utilitarianism, the rest of the book that follows of current moral philosophy will find most interesting is Broad's discussion of a general position about the nature of moral properties that could be called dispositional realism. This position, claiming an analogy with secondary qualities, eg, colours, holds that a moral property, eg, goodness, is a genuine property there in the fabric of the universe and yet is subjective in the (weak) sense that something is good just in virtue of its disposition or power to give rise to certain attitudes in human (or similar) subjects. There are different variants of this general position, some of which have recently been explored by leading contemporary philosophers. Regrettably, the variant Broad defends is not one of the most plausible.

In the final chapter, Broad examines the issue of determinism and moral responsibility. He argues that determinism is true, and that our moral responsibility is undermined if our characters and dispositions have causal ancestors independent of us. It is unfortunate that the book closes with Broad exhibiting a disconcerting enthusiasm for the idea that our moral responsibility can be reconciled with determinism only if there is reincarnation of such a kind that we began our present lives with characters and dispositions developed out of our previous lives and the same is true of each of our previous lives.

Going beyond the truth

Jonathan Dancy

L. JONATHAN COHEN
The Dialogue of Reason: An analysis of analytical philosophy
237pp. Oxford University Press. £22.50.
0198249055

Forgetting for the moment that nobody knows what philosophy is, are we at least able to say what *analytical* philosophy is? Is it distinctive in its methods, problems or doctrines? The old answer to this question was that analytical philosophy is linguistic philosophy, and that linguistic philosophy is distinguished by its methods (or method). But even if this answer had been true it would have been dangerous to admit it; its prevalence has led too many people to think that philosophy is concerned with nothing but words, and this is in part responsible for the political troubles that philosophy is currently facing. L. Jonathan Cohen argues that it is false, however, and that a better answer can be found which at once makes good sense of an existing body of practice and shows the value of that practice, ie, how the existence of publicly funded philosophy departments and philosophy teaching can be justified (as well as raising further interesting intellectual questions). This is all very encouraging.

Quine has argued that in science as much as outside it our more theoretical difficulties can most promisingly be approached by a strategy of "semantic ascent", whereby we turn from asking questions about those terms. For instance, puzzlement about the nature of a mile (are miles really there?) can be resolved by asking instead when it is appropriate to use the term "mile". The pragmatic nature of this shift is clear: questions of truth seem to be replaced by questions about the serviceability of an item of vocabulary, which may be more tractable. This strategy is distinctive of linguistic philosophy, but Cohen argues that it is not the only nor necessarily the best way of solving philosophical problems. This seems right. For example, there is no problem in moral philosophy which is best approached by semantic ascent: concentration on moral language seems to have harmed rather than advanced our understanding of ethics. Analytical philosophy, then, is not linguistic philosophy. There was a linguistic phase, but analytical philosophy survived it.

The linguistic phase saw analytical philosophy as defined by its method; its method for

which extravagant and improbable advantages were claimed (not by Quine), for instance that it would yield an agreed answer on every genuine question. Cohen sees it as defined rather by its problems. Whatever the general problems of philosophy may be, analytical philosophy is concerned with the normative study of reasons, ie, with what is a good reason for what. This view, which incidentally fits Cohen's own practice perfectly, has for him two merits. First, unlike the linguistic account, it is well suited to make sense of the persistence of philosophical disagreement, since the question, what is a good reason for what, is an explicitly normative question, and we cannot expect to achieve agreed answers to normative questions. Second, it is able to show the benefits that can be expected by a society that supports analytical philosophers as teachers: their students acquire a sharper sense of relevance.

This second merit some may see as an accidental, spin-off benefit rather than, as for Cohen, something that emerges from the very nature of the subject. The first claim, about philosophical disagreement, is more troublesome. Cohen's position here derives from a mistakenly abrupt distinction between the factual and the normative. For him, if something is a matter of fact one can reasonably expect ultimate agreement to be reached on it. Norms, however, are things on which individuals differ irrevocably, since they are not submitted to rational assessment. One just "happens" to have one's norms. This is bad, indeed pernicious, in moral philosophy; and it is no better here, where we are concerned with inferential rather than moral norms.

The most important question, however, is whether Cohen's account of analytical philosophy is true. To see why one might want to resist it, consider his claim that what has analytical interest is the question "How, if at all, may we argue about the existence, or non-existence of God?" rather than the question "Does God exist?". Are analytical philosophers reduced to this sort of hands-off question? Suppose that I wanted to discover which actions are right and which wrong. Cohen offers, I think, three arguments for persuading us that, *qua* analytical philosopher, my interest is really in what reasons for thinking an action wrong are good ones. The first is that there is no difference between the two questions; one is just a higher-level version of the other. This answer leaves us with no account of what is distinctive about analytical philosophy.

The second argument is that analysis is con-

ceptual analysis, and conceptual analysis is concerned with reasons: "to analyse a concept linguistically is first to identify the concept by specifying a word-meaning . . . and then . . . to refine that meaning. So conceptual analysis typically relates one kind of reason for using a certain word to another". But this detour through the conceptual, which attempts to drive us into another, non-semantic, ascent, seems strained to me.

The third argument is the most general. Suppose I claim that, though an analytical philosopher, my interest is in whether it is true that God exists, not in the second-order question what reasons for thinking that God exists are good ones. Cohen replies that "the truth of a proposition, if it is relevant to our concerns, is the best reason we can normally have for accepting it into our stock of stored information. In other words, truth is a general category of reason in this regard". If we accept this, the distinction between an interest in the truth of a proposition and in what are good reasons for believing it to be true has collapsed, and we are again left with no account of what is distinctive about analytical philosophy. But we should not accept it. The truth of a proposition can never be a reason for us to believe it. How could it impose itself upon us in this way, so that our reason for believing it true is simply the fact that it is true? And how could it ever be an answer to the question what reason one has for a belief, to say simply that one's reason is that it is true?

Cohen's account of analytical philosophy, then, seems hard to accept. But this does not stop the remainder of his book being of interest. Given that analytical philosophy asks generally what is a reason for what, analytical metaphysics should ask what are good reasons for philosophical doctrines. Cohen offers an interesting account of philosophy as the attempt to systematize and organize one's intuitions, an attempt which uses induction as much as deduction. He rejects the view held by some psychologists that we are naturally prone to inductive error, which, if true, would render analytical philosophy impossible on his account. And he considers the benefits and insights that the computational hypothesis (that human mental processes are a form of computation) might offer analytical philosophy as a normative study of human reasoning. It seems to me unfortunate that the importance of these investigations has been subordinated to a distorted picture of the activity in which professionals like Cohen are engaged.

The whole funny, grisly business

Beryl Bainbridge

They say that humour is universal, but I rather doubt it. I'm quite sure that upbringing determines what strikes each of us as funny, ha ha, or funny peculiar for that matter. I mean, if you weren't born with the tip of a silver spoon in your mouth how could you possibly appreciate the remark attributed to Maurice Bowra: "I'm a man more dined against than dining"? Dorothy Parker is easier to get on with, even if she was foreign. "Don't worry about Alan", she said, on the day her divorce became final. "Alan will always fall on somebody's feet." Or again, her proposed epitaph on her tombstone, "This is on me." I've personally never laughed at Charlie Chaplin or the Marx Brothers, though I fell about at old Mother Riley. Frank Howard used to tell a very good joke. "I'm exhausted . . . I am . . . I am. Well, it's the Spanish sun. Every day I have to Siesta, and Esther lives miles and miles away." That still strikes me as funny, though it does depend, sort of, on being able to spell.

In some of the books under review I'm hard put to know what anything depends on. "We are amazed", as Frankie Howard and Richard Husted to say, more or less. Take the Christmas offering, *How to be a Complete Bastard* by Adrina Edmondson, a compilation of extreme nastiness featuring bums, blood, chainsaws, babies and "nobs". It includes a bedtime story for little ones, in which Paddington Bear is hacked to pieces, one paw left in his yellow wellie. Then there is Mary Leung's collection of drawings, *A Piece of Cake*. The blurb on the back cover says, "People are stunned by her ability to reveal the hard truths and absurdities behind everyday experiences." Actually, stunned is a good word when we are confronted with coloured drawings of pregnant girls with knives in their bellies, couples exploding into blood and guts during copulation, lovers covered in boils, and various line drawings of Mum and Dad indulging in position 69 or whatever while baby looks on. It is not pornography, nor should it be confused with the truly dreadful *Bastard* book; the drawings are extremely good and there is a real element of satirical comment, but oh dear, what a waste.

What to make of *Naughty Dots*, particularly if you haven't got a pencil handy? The blurb says it is definitely for adults. Apart from the

You hum it

Gavin Ewart

KINGSLEY AMIS and JAMES COCHRANE
(Editors)
The Great British Songbook
With illustrations by Ronald Searle
200pp. Pavilion/Michael Joseph. £14.95.
0951450939

Truthfully, all songbooks should include music (vocal line and a piano part), just as all translations of verse should have the poems in the original language on the facing pages. This is often not done for reasons of size and expense. In this particular case, where there are two hundred songs, the resulting book would be frighteningly huge and unwieldy.

Instead we have, as the editors say, "the words everybody has forgotten for the tunes everybody remembers", songs divided into categories: "War and Patriotism", "Carols, Hymns and Spirituals", "Love", "Life and Laughter". The thesis, very supportable and well supported here, is that British songs ceased to be a force with the coming of the radio and the gramophone, with the change from the piano-playing amateur to the professional singer. The Golden Age was the Victorian period — up to 1914, for the sake of this argument. "Other ballads descended in 1945 and whichever way you slice it might be supposed to mean that there are no Beatles." Eleanor Rigby" is a feature, and one can see the difficulty of a solo singer trying to cope with work written for a group. None the less, "We All Live in a Yellow Submarine" would probably

suit a tipsy piano and a few drunken singers just as well as "Roll Out the Barrel" (also absent). Only "naturalized" American work is included: very proper, since this is a British songbook. But one could argue that "song" in our century has been even more Americanized than this book suggests. In 1939 British troops marched about singing "South of the Border" and, much later, "Don't Fence Me In". "White Christmas" was particularly popular in North Africa.

So here are the genuine oldies: traditional (mainly carols), Dekker, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Pope ("Where'er You Walk"), Burns, Byron, Thomas Moore, etc. And then the more genteel, romantic, sentimental (from Tennyson to drawing-room ballads), Gilbert and Sullivan, music-hall songs, negro spirituals, "Marching through Georgia" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", "Frankie and Johnny", "St Louis Blues". British by adoption? Hard to draw the line.

It's nice to see "Nellie Dean", subject of so many excruciating intoxicated renderings during the Second World War. Also "The Lily of Laguna", a tune that is fascinating because it's hardly a tune at all; and yet it works. So do the words, which seem to have been written by an idiot: "I know she likes me, / I know she likes me / Because she says so" but were in fact written by Leslie Stuart for Eugene Stratton, "The Chocolate-Coloured Coon". Both these are British, unlike "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Lili Marlene".

In a collection that includes Coward and Will Fyffe, I miss Harry Lauder ("Roamin' in the Gloamin'"), "I Love a Lassie"; but in general this is a stimulating lot. Tunes for the choruses will be known; guesses, but not for the verse. Nice work by Ronald Searle.



Jimmy Nervo and Teddy Knox in *The Whirl of the World at the London Palladium*; the autographed photograph is reproduced here from *The Crazy Gang*: A personal reminiscence by Maureen Owen (150pp. Weldenfeld and Nicolson. £9.95. 0 297 78987 2).

called a humorous book. In fact, it is an autobiography, and a good one, quite apart from the drawings. It is interesting that Searle says he was influenced in his childhood by radio comedy shows, and, indeed, if you think back to those characters in ITMA, the put-upon albeit cunning Mrs Mopp, poor old Chinstrap, the ubiquitous Signor So So and that sinister Diver with his plea for remembrance, the development of his work becomes easier to understand. Perhaps humour, if it is to rise above the belly laugh and become satirical, has to be cruel. Certainly Searle's cartoon of Mrs Thatcher splayed out on her knees, naked, paying lip service to Rambo Reagan is a bit brutal. But if you don't mind desecrating

books, modern ones at least, you could cut out the four marvellous original drawings for *The Hammers* and *The War Lords*.

Beg, borrow or steal *Something for the Weekend*, by Alan Coren, for the Bidwell letters to Ms Shoemaker. "Mrs Bidwell says if it all works out right we could maybe go to a full-mouth construction in 22 carat, plus throw in a couple of new boobs. I sure hope so. I love that woman, Ms Shoemaker. I would not like her to get second bested by Mrs Harry Stonewort"; also for the story about Hemingway, a brilliant parody of a piece called "Bridge in the Afternoon".

The Comic Art of Reg Parlett is a gem of a book by a real master of the comic strip. There is something irrepressibly cheerful, nostalgic, professional and charming about this artist's work. I think this is how I remember funny drawings were supposed to be. He worked for the comic paper *Radio Fun*, and all the old favourites are featured in the book: Big-Hearted Arthur Askey, Dougie Wakefield, the lanky hotpot, Stinker Murdoch. If I've done my arithmetic right, Mr Parlett is eighty-two, and in January he is having an exhibition of his work at the National Theatre.

Finally, four books which I would want to recommend. *Jodhpurs in the Quinlocks*, by Glen Baxter, is the work of an artist whose humour depends as much on his captions as his excellent drawings. Take "Crandley approached the profligate with some degree of trepidation." I like this because it's such a daft word for a cake. I myself call them portfolios. Jilly Cooper's *How To Survive Christmas*, with drawings by Timothy Jacques, is witty and well written. Mrs Cooper has a dry sense of humour, a well-crafted turn of phrase and an easy readability which should never be confused with facility. Jeffrey Bernard's collection of pieces from the *Spectator* plus autobiography, *Low Life*, is a collector's item. It will remain a mystery to many why such a well-brought-up boy should have gone hell for leather towards self-destruction, but then, as

we know to our cost, life is a trap into which, far from stumbling, we positively leap. Nothing Mr Bernard ever writes is cruel, bloody or malicious. He is only punishing himself. He has an amazingly pure view of the world; he is a sort of inebriated innocent at large. All the same, in writing down his own failings, he is holding up a mirror to the rest of us. Whether the reflection, in its broadest sense, is of any value to the world is neither here nor there. What is of value is his persistence in writing down the whole funny, grisly business. *Dear Bill*, by Richard Ingrams and John Wells, is a masterpiece of comic invention and mimicry. Brilliantly teetering on that tightrope between truth and fiction, it may have done more for the image of the Conservative Party (a sobering thought) than its authors ever dreamed of.

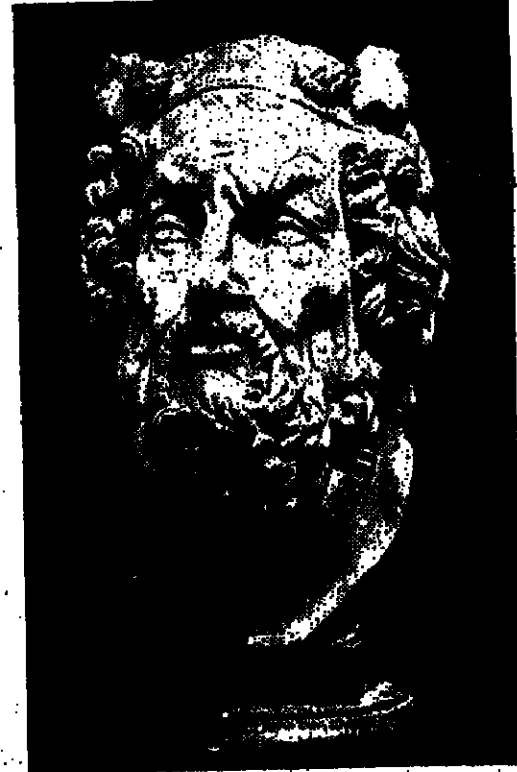
One last thing. Why, oh why, do publishers invariably tell the reader, on the jacket, that this or that book is witty, magnificent, perceptive? It's very off-putting. I was going to say that Duckworth was the exception to the rule, but then I've just noticed that J. Bernard is called a writer of genius on his dust-jacket. Oh well, they may not be short of the mark. It's a comic old world.

Adrian Edmondson: *How to be a Complete Bastard*. 96pp. Virgin. £3.95. 0 86369 1821 X.
Mary Leung: *A Piece of Cake*. 95pp. Penguin. £3.95. 0 14 009339 7.
Naughty Dots. 64pp. Patrick Stephens. £3.50. 0 85059 909 1.
Gerald Scarle: *Scarle by Scarle*. 192pp. Hamish Hamilton. £14.95. 0 241 11999 6.
Alan Coren: *Something for the Weekend*. 160pp. Robson. £6.95. 0 86051 395 5.
Alan Clark: *The Comic Art of Reg Parlett: Sixty years of comics*. 127pp. Golden Fun Publishing, 24 Arundel Road, Tunbridge Wells. £8.95. 0 9511214 0 5.
Glen Baxter: *Jodhpurs in the Quinlocks*. Unnumbered pages. Cape. £7.95. 0 224 02872 3.
Jilly Cooper: *How to Survive Christmas*. 142pp. Methuen. £6.95. 0 413 59780 6.
Jeffrey Bernard: *Low Life*. 192pp. Duckworth. £9.95. 0 7156 2077 0.
Richard Ingrams and John Wells: *The Best of Dear Bill*. 272pp. Deutsch. £7.95. 0 233 97984 01.

THE TIMES

The turn of the page ...

Spend New Year's Day with the only quality newspaper on sale. Curl up with a good book review: the theology of Homer (right) examined, contemporary American poetry, Jonas Savimbi assessed and much, much more.



... and regularly in *The Times*, Bernard Levin (left) on the way we live now, Peter Ackroyd on books, Suzy Menkes on fashion, Kenneth Fleet on finance, Irving Wardle on the theatre, Frances Gibb on the law, Paul Griffiths on music, Shona Crawford Poole on travel, Clifford Longley on the Church, Phillip Howard on words, David Robinson on the cinema.

THE TIMES

The world's most famous newspaper (25p)

Enriching the diet

Paul Levy

HAROLD MCGEE
On Food and Cooking: The science and the lore of the kitchen
712pp. Allen and Unwin. £20.
0 04 306003 X

Man has had an intellectual interest in the food he eats for a very long time. Both the ancient Chinese and Greeks discerned a connection between diet and health, and between cookery and medicine. Until quite recently, say until Mrs Kellogg's *Science in the Kitchen* (1892), most writers on food (and drink) viewed cookery (and fermentation and distillation) sometimes as an art, sometimes as a science, and sometimes as something between the two, a rule-governed skill or craft. In the twentieth century, even in their application to food and drink, physics and chemistry have become too difficult for the non-scientist. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether many of today's "food scientists" or "food engineers" are interested in the gastronomic experiences of eating and drinking. As Alan Davidson says in his foreword to *On Food and Cooking*, "most of them" have "been sucked into the laboratories of the great food corporations, to focus on the minutiae which affect shelf life".

Books on food and drink in this century, then, have mostly been produced by and for those who view cookery as a transmissible skill. Until the publication of Harold McGee's book,

not even the most basic relevant scientific sources were available to writers on food and drink; instead they were forced to rely on an overlay of folklore and practical cooks' "tips", some of which are false. Egg whites are in fact affected by being beaten in a copper bowl; salting the flesh of aubergines and cucumbers does make a difference, though perhaps more to their texture than to their bitterness; artichokes do affect the taste buds; but searing meat does not keep the juices in, though it is desirable for other reasons having to do with the flavour imparted by browning reactions.

All these practical matters, as well as those affecting the making of emulsions and the curdling of sauces, can be scientifically explained, and what Dr McGee has given us is a non-contentious prolegomenon to any future work on food or wine. He presents this massive work in the hope that "the perspective offered by science enriches the experiences of eating and drinking". The success of the book (its American edition has had five printings so far) is due to its tone. McGee is a trustworthy guide through the brambles of physics and the thickets of chemistry. Moreover, as becomes apparent from his discussions of food additives and certain controversial matters of nutrition, he is not *pari passu*.

Still, one has to ask, who is this book for, and will it make any difference? Davidson suggests that the book is aimed at writers – and cooks – who do not care about the details of the difference between *Potage à la Lucullus* and *Potage à la Rothschild*, but who "do want to tell apart

the various kinds of soy sauce" and to know "what it is in artichokes which affects the taste of wine; how the principal legumes compare with each other and with grains and so forth". The reader will also learn why onions make the cook weep, why overcooked cabbage stinks, why beans cause flatulence, why children shouldn't swallow too many apple pips, and why a diet composed entirely of raw beans ought to result in weight loss.

There are flaws, such as when McGee disparages current thinking about the role of fibre in the diet by saying, "There is probably some truth in this – actual evidence is lacking." In a work as magisterial as this, it seems quite wrong to dismiss the work of Dr Burkitt and his colleagues with a wave of the pen. Also, the American bias of the book leads to some startling emphases. Many of McGee's examples make use of confections such as the marsh-mallow, which play a small part in British diet; and it is hard to think of chewing-gum and bubble-gum as food. Literals and inaccuracies which appeared in the American edition have not been corrected.

Quasi-academic symposia and congresses on food and drink are now held at something like six-monthly intervals all over the world, and there is a growing community of scholars and intelligent gastronomic journalists. It can only be a matter of years before gastronomy – or at least its history – becomes an academic subject. We are very much in Harold McGee's debt for helping the subject to find its feet before it dons its cap and gown.

Against her palate fine

Jane Grigson

PATIENCE GRAY
Honey From a Weed: Fasting and feasting in Tuscany, Catalonia, the Cyclades and Apulia
374pp. Prospect Books, 45 Lamont Road, London SW10. £17.50.
0907325300
HILARY SPURLING
Ellenor Fettplace's Receipt Book; Elizabethan country house cooking
250pp. Viking Salamander. £12.95.
0948681 039

Patience Gray and Primrose Boyd's *Plat du Jour* was one of the most remarkable cookery books of the 1950s. Mrs Gray has now written a new book, *Honey from a Weed*, illustrated by Corinna Sargood in exactly the right way.

"They whom Truth and Beauty lead / Can gather Honey from a Weed." Cowper's lines reflect well the kind of life that Mrs Gray and her sculptor companion have been leading for the past twenty years: "a vein of marble runs through this book. Marble determined where, how and among whom we lived; always in primitive conditions" – in Carrara, in a community of "Bronze Age" farmers in Naxos, in Catalonia and finally in the heel of Italy, not far from the theatrically baroque city of Lecce. The rewards which she gained from her spartan life are described at length; the discovery of rare mushrooms; edible weeds; dishes of chicken in a sauce of fresh walnuts, garlic and parsley; perfect tomatoes and learning how to dry them in the sun, how to roll them round fennel seeds and capers and store them in oil for winter eating, like stuffed olives, with bread and good wine. There are reflections on fires and the flavour imparted by different woods, on Madame Cadec and her kitchen shop in Soho, on the strange habit of the men of Vendrell in Catalonia of building human towers (pyramids of men topped by daring but nervous children), on fruit *mostarda*, on quinces (the excellent idea of adding a couple of slices of quince to chicken stock as flavouring), on the hard slog of the olive harvest.

Beyond the many unusual and simple recipes, this book is a summary of the best kinds of Mediterranean experience. Gray's perceptions are of a depth that is beyond the most ardent traveller on temporary leave from the north. The realization that we confront with her is that "every step forward in physical civilization has been at the same time a regression".

Although Hilary Spurling offers us another world altogether, a rich northern existence intricate with historical and social connections, her *Ellenor Fettplace's Receipt Book* and Mrs Gray's *Honey from a Weed* – surely the best of this year's food publishing? – tie in well together. Mrs Spurling begins with a little manuscript receipt book, dated 1604, that has come down to her, through her husband's family, from Lady Ellenor Fettplace. For two centuries it was a much used manual. Then it lay on a shelf until processors and liquidizers made the book once again reasonably practical to follow. It contains some good dishes that quite belie the assumption that our ancestors had a coarser palate than we have. In her long, well-written introduction, Mrs Spurling recreates a complete world from the brief receipts and remedies – some coming from Sir Walter Raleigh and Dr Thomas Muffet (father of Little Miss Muffet) and Shakespeare's son-in-law John Hall, others often from named friends and relations.

The particular organization of Appleton Manor, where the Fettplace family lived, is described month by month. Recipes from the book are points of explanation and departure; records, accounts, letters, journals, other cookery books, a vast richness, are all brought in to explain each recipe. At one point Mrs Spurling points out to us that marriage appears in her manuscript almost a century earlier than its first official printed appearance. She notes that Berdita's shopping list in *A Winter's Tale* gives the same proportions of dried fruit, spices and sugar as Lady Fettplace's details in her recipe for a huge fruit cake.

Keeping an orderly house

Janet Morgan

RICHARD HOUGH
Age of Clubs: A history of the Garrick
100pp. Deutsch. £25.
0233979751

At last, a book that tells us what men do when women aren't there – at the Garrick, at any rate. They do not, after all, discuss business (against the rules, in so far as they can be enforced) or study letters from women to whom they are not married (conversation, rather than reading, is encouraged). Nor do they play billiards and snooker (two floors too far to climb upstairs), nor play cards at all enthusiastically (two tables only, in a "misshapen attic"). What they do, it turns out, is to practise an advanced form of housekeeping.

Indeed, the Garrick was established in the first place as "a subscription house" for patrons of the theatre, actors and managers, and, while the formal definition of the club's purpose was, and has remained, extremely vague, from the start (3 o'clock on October 15, 1831) the actual preoccupation of its members has been perfectly clear: the kitting-out, smooth running and general conduct of a household.

They began, as Richard Hough begins, by finding a place to settle, the Committee pronouncing on such key decisions as the source of plate and linen, the provision of books and pictures, bottles and glasses, mahogany tables (three large, eleven small) and the precise hour at which dinner would be served. ("Mr Braham recommended a cook.") In time, as happens to all households, someone suggested a move, a process which, as with all households, drove everyone to near hysteria ("things would never be the same again . . . On that same day the

cook was sacked . . ."). From 1864 the members stayed put – but they have continued to tinker happily with the arrangement of the rooms and the furniture (flat for the Secretary; bathroom next to billiard-room; tireless argument over provision of a lift – there isn't one – and use of stair-well: "I beg to enclose a protest, signed by twenty members. . . I shall be obliged by your laying the protest before the sub-committee. . ."). For members know that efficient household management is based upon effective organization and, for that, committees are required, and rotas. Mr Hough goes thoroughly into all this; his quotations from the minutes indicate how regularly these bodies meet, how conscientiously they deliberate: "April 3, 1858: Ordered that cheques be drawn . . . Baker £5.16s; Fish £12.9s.6d.; Soda Water £12.14s.6d.; gin £7 . . . July 11, 1918: supply of toast with pate discontinued . . . January 30, 1919: bread with pate removed from menu, guest charge increased to discourage their presence . . ."

Good order demands care in deciding whom to have on the premises. Over the years there has been much pondering over complicated rules about, for instance, the admission of women: only at certain times, via certain specified routes, and in trousers only if the wearer "had obviously gone home and changed for the occasion". No stranger, male or female, may enter the stairwell (see above). As for that magical transition, from stranger to member, how intricate and mysterious are the stages by which it is accomplished. "This last", Hough explains, "is the Committee's most important function, exercised with very vigilant care."

What it boils down to is that people put forward other people's names, that there is a long waiting list, and that occasionally "quiet suggestions" are made that a person will not fit in.

A gentleman's Pear of Barls

Ronald Blythe

THE BANVILLE DIARIES: JOURNALS OF A NORFOLK GAMEKEEPER 1822-44
Edited by Norma Virgoe and Susan Yaxley
224pp. Collins. £14.95.
0002176343

Rather than a diary, this is a book created around one, though it has nothing to do with the now familiar style of book-making whereby some, usually nineteenth-century, journal or album is provided with a glossy package. *The Banville Diaries* is, in fact, an important work made readable by means of a sensitive interpretation, a linking narrative and an inspired selection of pictures. A sample of the original, opaque text is offered as justification for the heavy editing. All the same, one hopes that the diaries as they were written may eventually find a publisher, as Banville's wonderfully exact words, the Irish-English confection of literacy, illiteracy, eloquence and ignorance, hard-hitting comment and pure story-telling, would be treasure trove for the etymologist. "He got me a Pear of Barls from mansester when I was there we had some asirs to Bat we also had som Bear with Mr Wust Mr mastis keeper from Barningham Hall". (He got me a [gun] barrels from Manchester. When I was there we had some oysters to eat. We also had some beer with Mr West, Mr Mott's keeper from Barningham Hall).

Banville's reason for keeping a diary was to show the world what it was a servant experienced particularly the actual relationship between master and man. He left all 2,000 pages of it to his master's son, requiring that it should be printed. As gamekeeper to Thomas Buxton he was in the customary awkward position of sporting and travelling companion, as well as a simple cottager on the estate. The Buxtons themselves had a somewhat complicated position in Norfolk, using the country, as the editor says, rather like a Scottish moor for their shooting, while their real centre was near London. Norfolk grandees such as the Windhams were guilty about the celebrated philanthropic stunts made up of Guineys, Hoares, Ryss, Buxtons and others. Banville's life gamekeeper and butler when it came to rank, noted it all.



A farmworker in a Norfolk smock frock in 1905; elderly shepherds continued to wear smocks into the 1930s. The one shown here is reproduced from Diana de Marly's *Working Dress: A history of occupational clothing* (191pp. Batsford, £17.50. 0713450282).

As with most diaries, Banville's fascinations because of the way in which private matters play against the history of the times. In his case there is added interest in that he was a poor Irish Catholic in the midst of very rich Quakers turned Anglicans. During his visits to Ireland he could see the changing conditions which were soon to lead to famine and the abandonment of the country by half of its population. In East Anglia starving labourers have become Luddite rioters and the Evangelical gentry are raising funds to save the heathen. Banville attends a service in the local workhouse, where the new Poor Law has separated wife and husband.

It is a firmly civilized system perfected over generations. Now and again someone unreliable has been admitted by mistake and from time to time a statutory bore is allowed in on purpose but, with these exceptions, the members are, however dashing . . . well, unexceptionable. So much so that all Mr Hough need do is give the reader an occasional list of names, so that we know – as we do, straight away – where we are.

In fact, everyone knows where he is, for even the greenest member is quickly absorbed into the way of things, gently schooled by older inhabitants, like the one who explained to a newcomer before the First World War that members sat in the coffee room with their hats on, to emphasize the fact that it was a members' club, with each member owning a fraction of it. Or the rules and customs will be delicately, almost osmotically, transmitted by the staff: the Secretary recalls: "I had not been in the Club many months when some member quite improperly asked Barker what he thought of the new Secretary. The reply was, 'If I may say so, sir, he is absolutely identical.'"

"Staff", of course, are the pillars of comfortable domestic life, their competence and welfare a ceaseless anxiety to the Club, or, more particularly, to the Committee. Hough dedicates his book to them, and the portraits of some celebrated servants of the Club make up its central chapter. As a matter of fact, the staff seem rather more interesting than the members: one a ballroom dancer, another a poet; a carpenter-cum-fireman doubling as an expert at billiards; a bar-keeper an authority on ballistics. There was a time of "staff evenings", when members of the house committee, in black ties, reversed roles and served the staff, with games, dancing and "a good deal of merry drinking". The staff were wiser, less ostentatious: here is

Barker in 1964, voting Labour. "For the Socialists, Barker? I am astonished at you." "Oh sir, I would not presume to vote with the members."

All innocent fun, a jolly doll's house, with steps up to the front door, and attics, a cellar, and good plain food and drink – lots of drink – and arguments with cook and disputes about household expenses. ("I'm sorry to begin my annual campaign against the vegetables . . .") And, even in the best regulated establishments, however good the chef and plentiful the Gentlemen's Relish, there are invariably people who are hard to please (like Marshall Hall: "I cannot understand why I am charged for bread and butter. . . I never ordered it but it was brought with my plovers' eggs . . .") and others who are faddy (actors taking cocoa with meat, and the Spanish Ambassador ordering, to the horror of the chef, paella and – understandably, surely – a Spanish omelette).

All this perhaps explains why the Garrick is such an agreeable place. For its members, it is home. When they are away from it, and especially when they are in trying circumstances (appearing on television, for instance) they wear their pink and green ties as a reminder that they are bound to it; when they are there, they are celebratory and irritable by turns. They will like Mr Hough's chronicle, although they will complain that its price is far steeper than that of the Club's first history (5/- in 1948), whose pages, bound in red buckram, were also more securely anchored. Non-members need not buy this book, for it is more a sort of family scrap album, not really meant for them. They need not, however, fear to go to the Garrick, should they be invited, as they will immediately feel comfortable. Especially the women, for (and that is why they are excluded), it is just like home life, only with men in charge.

band, and wonders why the parsons, whom he detests, have the nerve to export such "Christianity" to the natives. But laurels are fixed to the church walls in 1833 to celebrate the passing of the Abolition of Slavery Act, inspired by his master and others. The diary is uncomfortably astute in its judgments. "What a bottle of smoke with the cork out!" is his verdict on a humbugging sermon. His great adventure is a journey to Sweden to fetch home to Scotland the capercaillies, a giant wood-grouse (*Tetrao urugallus*) once native to the Highlands but shot out of existence there.

Wondrous necessary men

Raymond Carr

CHRISTOPHER PLATT
The Most Obliging Man in Europe: Life and times of the Oxford scout
138pp. Allen and Unwin. £10.95.
0 04 9410172

For Oxford men afflicted with nostalgia, the Professor of Latin American History at their old University has produced an irresistible book; not least on account of its superb illustrations. It describes Oxford (and to a lesser extent Cambridge) from the point of view of the college scouts – the servants who looked after eight or so students and the odd don with rooms on a staircase. It was scouts, as well as the dons, who made Oxford what it was for its junior members. Dons get a dribbling at Christopher Platt's hands. Drunk in the eighteenth century, often ineffective afterwards – no Senior Tutor would now scribble away while the Bursar addressed a college meeting – frequently snobbish, they exhibited, before the enlargement of Governing Bodies, all the blitheness of small, claustrophobic communities. Yet in the 1920s conscientious teachers and learned for the most part, they were to the Olympian figures or splendid eccentrics. Not so now. They are either academic brachios or television personalities.

It was the scouts who supported the privileged life of pre-war undergraduates. At Christ

Church I had three rooms; the scout lit two fires daily, brought hot water morning and evening in a brass can, laid out one's clothes and brought breakfast to the room.

I do not share the view of Goroawny Rees that it was the Depression of the 1930s that destroyed the self-confidence of privilege, making outbursts of aristocratic barbarism exercises in bad taste; in the late 1930s there was still mayhem in the House after a Loder's dinner. Conspicuous waste survived with the credit extended by accommodating Oxford tradesmen. As working-class Tories (some of them), scouts tolerated the often outrageous and inconsiderate behaviour of their charges. Occasional rebellion against a system that mirrored a class-ridden larger society assumed muted forms. My old tutor, Patrick Gordon Walker, was given increasingly tepid hip baths by his overworked scout. As Professor Platt shows: it was widening wage differentials, no longer diminished by large tips, that made potential college servants turn towards the assembly lines of Cowley, while the advance of technology (gas fires, hot water etc) was, in any case, replacing them in their essential functions. After the post-Second World War social revolution, the Gentleman's Gentleman was somehow out of place.

It is deeply moving that Professor Platt's essay in social history is dedicated to the late Fred Wainstay. As the Steward of St Antony's he carried over to a new foundation the traditions of an older order, some shards of which, thank God, survive the onslaughts of progress.

The day the world trembled

Derek Cooper

THOMAS OLIVER
The Real Coke, The Real Story
195pp. Elm Tree. £9.95.
0241 118956

Was it the most impudently skilful piece of marketing hype in the history of the beverage industry or was it all an appalling blunder? This is the question that Thomas Oliver addresses in his company-friendly analysis of the decision to change the formula of Coca-Cola, a drink which was once described as "the sublimated essence of all that America stands for".

By the early 1980s Coca-Cola executives were growing jittery about the inroads that Pepsi was making on the product. Although every GI in the Second World War relied as much on Coke as on Camels, the post-war generation had been astutely weaned away by Pepsi-Cola. "We made cola into a necktie product", Pepsi's advertising chief told *Adweek*. "What you drank said something about who you were. We painted an image of our consumers as active, vital and young at heart." Coca-Cola responded in 1982 by launching diet Coke with a television commercial that cost \$1½ million to make.

But the market share of Coca-Cola itself continued to decline. Maybe there was something wrong with the taste? Perhaps the king of colas needed revamping? In the fall of 1983 Coke's top management gave the go-ahead to their chemists "to explore the possibility of a reformulation". It was tantamount to rewriting the American constitution. A new and sweeter Coke was test-marketed under wraps and most people claimed they preferred it to the old.

When, on April 23, 1985, the company announced that after nearly a hundred years Coke was going to change its taste they unleashed the most violent reaction in America since Pearl Harbor. "I don't think I would be more upset if you were to burn the flag in our front yard", wrote one lifelong Coke addict. 557 petitions were signed by 28,138 Coca-Colaists and the angry calls of protest reached eight thousand a day. Pepsi-Cola were delighted. On the day Coca-Cola held the press conference that stunned the world, Roger Enrico, president of Pepsi, declared a staff holiday and placed full-page advertisements in every major newspaper. "After 87 years of going at it eyeball to eyeball, the other guy just blinked. Coca-Cola is reformulating brand Coke to be more like Pepsi."

There was no denying it. And as the weeks went by there was no denying that although blind tastings indicated that the majority of soft-drink consumers preferred new Coke what they wanted to buy was the dear old daddy-juice of yesteryear. "Dear Sir," wrote an old Coke-fiend, "changing Coke is like God making the grass purple or putting toes on our ears or teeth on our knees." Three months after the launch the company gave in. Old Coke was brought back to stand reinstated alongside the new, usurping product. Donald Keough, Coca-Cola's president, admitted with emotion that the people's deep and abiding attachment to Coke had taken them all by surprise: "it is a wonderful American mystery, a lovely American enigma, and you cannot measure it any more than you can measure love, pride or patriotism".

Preventative measures

Arabella Boxer

BARBARA GRIGGS
The Food Factor: Why we are what we eat
390pp. Viking. £12.95.
0607092018

Barbara Griggs was a successful fashion journalist who abandoned the subject in the late 1970s to write about alternative medicine, subsequently publishing *Green Pharmacy* and *The Home Herbal*. Her third book, *The Food Factor*, is ambitious and its subtitle "Why we are what we eat" is somewhat misleading. It is better described as an attempt to record the history of our knowledge of nutrition, and how the organic food movement developed, traced for the most part through the various individuals involved.

Our record on nutrition is a depressing one, filled with prejudice and lack of vision; compared to the other sciences, it seems still in its infancy. Yet what shines through is the example of the remarkable people who devoted their lives to their theories. Some of them, like Sir Robert McCarrison, Max Gerson, Max Birkbeck-Bennett and Rachel Carson, are now famous. Others, like Lady Eve Balfour and her neighbour Alice Deaneham, are almost unknown. These two women began to work together before the Second World War in order to combat the growing use of chemical fertilizers. They donated their own farms to a research trust where experiments in organic

What the whole hilarious episode revealed was that given Pepsi and new and old Coke alongside each other in blind tastings even the most loyal consumers couldn't tell one over-sweetened fizzy drink from the other. By the end of 1985 Pepsi-Cola had become the number one cola in the land.

Paradoxically, this costly blunder worked wonders for Coca-Cola. Its shares rose to an all-time high of \$110 and the two top men in the corporation, instead of getting the sack, were given bonuses totalling £8 million. Oliver's account of this extraordinary episode is anecdotal and infuriatingly discreet. The real story is still waiting to be written. When it is, I hope someone will tell us why this rather unpleasant drink commands such hysterical devotion among so many millions. After all, they took the cocaine out of it years ago.

fertilization were carried out over a period of thirty years.

Ms Griggs's message is clear, and could hardly be more relevant today. Rather than simply treating people when they fall sick, more emphasis must be given to helping them stay well. Our lack of understanding in this respect is clearly demonstrated in her account of the Peckham Experiment, in which, in 1926, two doctors opened a family club in South London, and invited local families to join. The health of each member of every family was assessed at regular intervals, and detailed research carried out into their living conditions. Three years later a larger "Health Centre" was opened, where the families were encouraged to spend their leisure hours. Sports facilities were provided for the children, and a social life for their parents. A home farm was established nearby, where organic food was grown for sale at the Centre. The results were twofold: while the families thrived, both in their health and in the enrichment of their lives; the doctors gained valuable insight from their research. Yet at the time the experiment was dismissed by most of the medical profession as cranky and utopian.

The Food Factor will appeal to those already interested in alternative medicine, but Barbara Griggs's somewhat one-sided treatment of this controversial subject is only well illustrated by one of the less: it comes as an apt reminder of how misguided we have been in the past, and still continue to be, and how we consistently ignore or misinterpret what lies before us.

Exotic excursions

Lachlan Mackinnon

ROY GERARD
Sir Cedric Rides Again
Gollancz. £5.95.
0 575 03752 0
JAMES CLAVELL
Thump-O-moto: A fantasy
Designed and illustrated by George Sharp
89pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £9.95.
0 340 38011 4
MICHAEL PALIN, ALAN LEE and RICHARD SEYMOUR
The Mirrorstone
Cape. £7.95.
0 224 02408 6
LINDA ARNOLD
The Incredible Exploits of Remington E.
Angus and Robertson. £5.95.
0 207 15014 1

In his second book about Sir Cedric, Roy Gerard's verse bounces along cheerfully as he tells how Sir Cedric, Lady Matilda, their daughter Edwina the Fair and her admirer Hubert the Hopeless set off to Jerusalem for a break, how the ladies are captured by Abdul the Heavy on the way and are freed by Hubert. "So think about Hubert the Hero / and the story behind his new name - / Though reluctant to fight, still a gentle lad might / end up covered in glory or fame." The illustrations are lively, rather in the Noggin the Nog mould, but the moment when the captive ladies "feared a fate worse than death" is troubling. Abdul tells Edwina that she will be "wife twenty-three" while one plump bare-breasted girl whispers laughingly behind her hand to another. The sexual and racial undertones unsettle because they distract from the story and invite speculation and inquiry more mature than the likely readership, a misjudgment which leaves a faintly unpleasant taste; as does the heavy humour of James Clavell's *Thump-O-moto*. The framing story, of the polo-stricken (we take it, the disease is never named) Patricia and her Australian family is moving, but not so the inner story, that of her magical cure, which is achieved on a journey with the diminutive Thump-O-moto. Japanese wizards who say "dear-O-dimimoto" depend on a familiar stereotype which undoes the story's potential

exotic power. What could have been of a piece with the Japanese; the English wizard Charles Rednosebeardrinker is a diminished Tom Bombadil, but here at least the stock part is native. Detestable as the practice of censoring past literature for racism and sexism is, it should be said that each of these books needlessly perpetuates stereotypes irrelevant to its narrative in a gratingly obtuse way.

It is with pleasure that one turns to *The Mirrorstone*, another magical fantasy, this time gripping and imaginatively expansive. The book is quite good enough not to need its gimmick, seven holograms printed on to the page. Each serves a narrative function, but like the Barclaycard bird they force the page to be held at an angle to be seen properly, and the fun of seeking them out and watching them move detracts from the tale's flow. Paul's fall through the bathroom mirror, his capture by an evil wizard, the terrifying journey he is sent on for the mirrorstone of the title, are engrossing, and his rescue by the girl Mary, whose intervention returns him to this world, is emotionally engaging. This could have been extended into a good young reader's novel, and I rather wished it had been, given the irritating way one finds oneself rushing to reach the next hologram to find out what it would show. It is to be hoped that too much emphasis is not laid on the book's incorporation of modern technology and that Michael Palin's story will not be forgotten more quickly than it deserves.

The Incredible Exploits of Remington E., on the other hand, can't be forgotten too quickly. The story of the ballet-dancer hero's fight for kangaroo conservation is sentimental and mawkish, quite unlike the eerie illustrations which accompany it. Linda Arnold's biographical note tells us of "a chance remark that a dance class . . . looked like a herd of posturing elephants". This is all that explains the monstrous proboscis and ears, and the frighteningly angular, heavy-lidded eyes of Remington E and his companions. The very fine *pointillisme* of the illustrations adds to their haunting surrealism. They are far more powerful than the text, whose upbeatness is too slight to fend off the likelihood of their inducing nightmares. They are some sort of artistic triumph, but quite the wrong sort for the story.

Teaching and preaching

Blake Morrison

PAT HUTCHINS
The Doorbell Rang
Bodley Head. £5.25.
0 370 30726 7
TONY BRADMAN
The Bad Babies' Book of Colours
Illustrated by Debbie Van der Beek
Piccadilly Press. £4.95.
0 946826 58 7
TRACEY CAMPBELL PEARSON
A Was an Apple Pie
Bodley Head. £4.50.
0 370 30771 2

Teaching books for young children tend to divide into two categories: those which are candidly and doggedly educative and those which covertly instruct while masquerading as harmless fun. It is rare to find a counting book, say, which is both pleasurable to read (and surprising to re-read) yet rigorously laid out — though this year has provided one outstanding example in Satoshi Kitamura's *When Sheep Cannot Sleep*.

Pat Hutchins has always favoured a clear symmetrical form for her picture books and this makes her a good choice of person to impart the principles of division. In *The Doorbell Rang* Sam and Victoria are given twelve cookies to eat — that's six each, they work out, until two of their friends arrive, then two more, then a party of six, each ring of the doorbell making the children look a little more despondent at their shrinking portions. When the doorbell rings yet again, it looks as if it will be less than one cookie each, but the story has a happy ending as grandma enters with a trayful, plenty for everyone and more. The format is simple, logical and repetitive, based round the ringing doorbell and the refrain "no one makes cookies like grandma", but it is enlivened by the strong colours and details such as the dirty footprints which cross the chessboard kitchen floor.

Even the most straightforward teaching book can become confusing if mishandled. *The Bad Babies' Book of Colours* disappoints first of all in not living up to the promise of its title: the babies here aren't bad or at any rate they are only fitfully and unimaginatively bad, spill-

ing food, having tantrums but generally failing to be attractively wicked. This might not matter too much if the story's rhyming quatrains (abc) were better handled, but they are rhythmically inept:

Hide-and-seek is their next game,
And Mario's just on his way.
William is sure that he's hidden —
But those RED stripes give him away.

Waylaway is a feeble rhyme; William, confusingly, is shown in red and white stripes; and the most obvious and satisfying place for the colour which the toddler must guess — the second rhyme-word — is perversely avoided. The babies are not much naughtier in illustration than text. What is bad is the book's squandering of a bright idea.

Tracey Campbell Pearson's *A Was an Apple Pie* gives an ingenious lift to the traditional alphabet rhyme by managing to be both a book and a chart or frieze: children can turn the pages one by one or else pull them out to make an ABC across the wall. The illustrations cope attractively not only with sequence as a whole, which gains a narrative force in her manic drawings, but with its more taxingly abstract lines ("I inquired about it . . . V valued it"). Inevitably, though, the more active lines work best ("J jumped over it K kicked it"), making one look forward to a full-scale, "Bad Babies" re-working of the original.

The Emperor's New Clothes, Hans Andersen's moral tale of the Emperor who gradually contrives his own public humiliation and learns how to behave royally in his worst hour, is finely illuminated by Dorothea Duntze (North-South/Blackie. £6.95. 0 200 72888 1). As befits the Emperor, this is a large-format book with elegant, vertical compositions. With two exceptions, each page opening has a full plate in subdued, lightly applied colour, opposed by black-and-white drawings, stippled so finely that they have the quality of etchings. Throughout, Duntze is collaborating rather than competing with Andersen. Her controlled use of decoration, the statuesque stances, the plausible characterizations — those serious, trustworthy-looking rogues — intriguing details of rituals, games and costume complement his text with grace and wit.

Janet Doonan

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS

The *TLS* Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the *TLS* which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. We regret that we cannot answer telephone enquiries or enter into correspondence about individual titles and exclusions.

Anthropology

Dandridge, Satadal Cast Kinship and Community: Social systems of a Bengal caste
Sungam. 290pp. £12.95. 0 86131 699 2. 15/12/86.

Art, including photography

Conn, Richard A. Peristaltic Vision: Art of the reservation days: The L.D. and Ruth Bax collection of the Denver Art Museum
Denver Art Museum, illus. by Seattle: Washington UP. 190pp. illus. £35 (hardcover), \$19.95 (paperback). 0 291 9628 6 (hc), 0 291 96429 4 (pb). 12/12/87.

Johnson, Leo. The Paintings of Eugene Delacroix: A critical catalogue, 1825-1855, vol. 3: Text; vol. 4: Plates
Oxford: Clarendon. 370pp., plates. 2 vols. £14. 0 19 517378 4. 18/12/86.

Johnson, Thomas L., and Philip C. Dunn, editors. A Two Likeness: The Black South of Richard Samuel Roberts, 1920-1936
Columbia, SC: Brevard Clark/Chapel Hill, NC: Algonquin. 200pp., illus. \$34.95 (hardcover), \$18.95 (paperback). 0 912697 48 2 (hc), 0 912697 30 4 (pb). 15/11/86.

Wynne, Michael. Later Italian Paintings in the National Gallery of Ireland: The 17th, 18th and 19th centuries
Dublin: National Gallery of Ireland. 147pp., plates. £135. 0 903162 33 6 (hc), 0 903162 33 4 (pb). 11/12/86.

Bibliography

Catalogue of 17th Century Italian Books in the British Library, 3 vols.
British Library. 1229pp. £150. 0 7123 0065 1. 11/86.

Short-Title Catalogue of French Books 1470-1600 in the British Library, supplement
British Library. 291pp. £5. 0 7123 0064 3. 11/86.

Short-Title Catalogue of Italian Books 1465-1600 in the British Library, supplement
British Library. 152pp. £25. 0 7123 0064 5. 11/86.

Woolmer, J. Howard, introduction by Mary E. Galtner. A Checklist of the Hogarth Press 1917-1946
Winchester: St Paul's Bibliographies/Revere, PA: Woolmer/Brookerson. 250pp. £30/£45. 0 906795 38 9. 19/12/86.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Addy, Premen. Indira Gandhi: India's woman of destiny
Sungam. 104pp. £9.95. 0 86132 137 5. 15/12/86.

Carl, Katherine Augusta, introduction by Karl O'Connor. With the Empress Dowager of China (Pacific Basin Books; 1st pub. 1906)

KPI, UK distr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, US distr. New York: Methuen. 306pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 7103 0218 5. 4/12/86.

Carnegie, Andrew, introduction by Cecilia Tihel. The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie (1st pub. 1920)

Boston: Northeastern UP. 372pp. £25.50 (hardcover), £9.30 (paperback). 1 55553 000 1 (hc), 1 55553 001 X (pb). 8/12/86.

Edwards, Ruth. Dudley York Collingdale: A Biography
Gollancz. 282pp. £20. 0 375 8172 1. 15/12/87.

Huntingdon, Eileen. The Unsuspected Account: An autobiography
Seymour House. 222pp. £9.95. 0 7278 3083 8. 11/86.

Lovell, Anne C. Lillian Smith: A Southerner confronting the South
Louisiana State UP. 249pp. £9.15. 0 8071 1343 3. 1/87.

Macaulay, Neil Dom Pedro. The struggle for liberty in Brazil and Portugal, 1798-1834
Durham, NC: Duke UP. 361pp. £31.90. 0 8223 0681 6. 11/12/86.

Pearson, Heath, introduction by Anthony Burgess. A Life of Shakespeare (1st pub. 1912)

Hamish Hamilton. 279pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 241 12006 3. 19/12/87.

Pearson, Heath, introduction by Allan Massie. Walter Scott: His life and personality (1st pub. 1954)

Hamish Hamilton. 295pp. £6.95 (paperback). 0 241 12005 3. 19/12/87.

Rampersad, Arnold. The Life of Langston Hughes, vol. 1: 1902-1941: I, too, sing America
Oxford UP. 468pp. £22.50. 0 19 504011 2. 8/1/87.

Business

Anderson, Christopher. The Po-Po Principle: A survival guide to office politics
Pen. 122pp. £2.50 (paperback). 0 330 29116 5. 14/1/87.

Parsons, W.J. Improving Marketing Performance
Aldershot: Gower. 164pp. £19.50. 0 566 02395 7. 8/1/87.

Timpe, A. Dale. Motivation of Personnel
Aldershot: Gower. 309pp. £25. 0 566 02619 8. 18/12/86.

Classics

Senecca, translated by Frederick Ahl. Masters of Latin Literature (series)

Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP. 116pp. \$6.55 (paperback). 3 vols. Hardcover set \$43.45. 0 8014 1664 7 (hc), 0 8014 9432 X (pb). 8/12/86.

Senecca, translated by Frederick Ahl. Masters of Latin Literature (series)

Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP. 122pp. \$6.55 (paperback). 0 8014 9433 8. 8/12/86.

Senecca, translated by Frederick Ahl. Trojan Women (Masters of Latin Literature series)

Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP. 122pp. \$6.55 (paperback). 0 8014 9433 8. 8/12/86.

Economics

Hauser, Victor A., editor. Critical Issues in Urban Economic Development, vol. 1 (Index Cities Research Program Series)

Oxford: Clarendon/Economic and Social Research Council. 235pp. £22.50. 0 19 823266 7. 4/12/86.

Rau, Khalil. Economic Class, Society
Sungam. 294pp. £6.95 (paperback). 0 86131 426 X. 15/12/86.

Wallis, Kenneth F., editor. Models of the UK Economy: A third review by the ESRC
Macroeconomic Modelling Bureau
Oxford UP. 209pp. £22.50 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 19 828583 X (hc), 0 19 828584 1 (pb). 18/12/86.

Fiction

Balley, Hilary Mrs Mulvaney (1st pub. 1978)

Pavane. 192pp. £2.50 (paperback). 0 330 29022 1. 9/1/87.

Campbell, Ramsey. The Hungry Moon (Century Fantasy and S.F.)

Century. 293pp. £9.95. 0 7126 1441 9. 8/1/87.

Egleston, Clive. Picture of the Year
Hodder and Stoughton. 256pp. £9.95. 0 340 40191 5. 12/1/87.

Ehrlichman, John. The China Card

Bantam. 323pp. £11.95. 0 593 01256 9. 22/1/87.

Frankland, Mark. Richard Robertovich

Murray. 216pp. £9.95. 0 7195 4330 4. 9/1/87.

Klein, T.E.D. Dark Gods

Pen. 259pp. £2.50 (paperback). 0 330 29117 7. 9/1/87.

Leavitt, David. The Last Language of Cranes

Viking. 319pp. £10.95. 0 670 81290 0. 12/1/87.

Levin, Janet. The Trial of Sören Qvist

Robinson Clark. 256pp. £9.95. 0 80072 107 8. 12/1/87.

Liben, Meyer, introduction by Ted Solotaroff. Justice

TLS Listings

Poetry

Arden, Andrew. The Homeless Person's Handbook (Rights Guides)

Allison and Busby. 208pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 85031 716 9. 15/1/87.

Jackson, John, introduction by Robert Maxwell. Malice in Wonderland: Robert Maxwell v. "Private Eye"

Macdonald. 191pp., illus. £10.95. 0 356 14616 2. 15/12/86.

Levin, Jenny. The Divorce Handbook (Rights Guides)

Allison and Busby. 110pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 85031 724 X. 15/1/87.

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Aneko, Michael. "Friction with the Market": Henry James and the profession of authorship

Oxford UP. 258pp. £21.50. 0 19 504034 1. 11/1/87.

Brodhead, Richard H. The School of Hawthorne

Oxford UP. 254pp. £22.50. 0 19 504022 8. 11/1/87.

Cope, Jackson I. Robert Coover's Fictions

Johns Hopkins UP. 151pp. £14.90. 0 8018 3365 5. 13/1/87.

Dayan, Peter. Mallarmé's "Divine Transposition": Sources of literary value (Oxford Modern Languages and Literature Monographs)

Oxford: Clarendon. 226pp. £27.50. 0 19 51841 6. 18/12/86.

de Benneville, James S. Tales of the Samurai (Pacific Basin Books; 1st pub. 1915)

KPI, UK distr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, US distr. New York: Methuen. 485pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 7103 0233 9. 4/12/86.

Donoghue, Denis. We Irish: The selected essays of Denis Donoghue, vol. 1

Brighton: Harvester. 275pp. £25. 0 7108 1001 3. 27/11/86.

Dranks, Peter. Poetic Individuality in the Middle Ages 1100-1150, 2nd edition (Publications in Medieval Studies, vol. 1; 1st pub. 1970)

Cambridge UP. 243pp. £9.50. 0 521 31888 2 (pb). 18/12/86.

Lewis, Leon Henry Miller. The major writings

New York: Schocken, UK distr. Clio Distribution. 247pp. £16.15. 0 8052 3952 9.

Marlowe, Christopher, edited by Roma Gill. The Complete Works of Christopher Marlowe, vol. 1: Translations

Oxford: Clarendon. 314pp. £45. 0 19 81878 3. 18/12/86.

Melb, Dieter. Geoffrey Chaucer: An introduction to his narrative poetry

Cambridge UP. 243pp. £25 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 521 26839 7 (hc), 0 521 31888 2 (pb). 18/12/86.

Mukherjee, Arun. The Gospel of Wealth in the American Novel: The rhetoric of Dreiser and some of his contemporaries

Croom Helm. 229pp. £19.95. 0 7099 4649 X. 12/86.

Oderman, Kevin Ezra. Pound and the Erotic Medium

Durham, NC: Duke UP. 158pp. £19.15. 0 8223 0672 7. 1/87.

Sellstrom, A. Donald. Cornille, Tasso and Modern Poetics

Columbia: Ohio State UP. 166pp. \$18. 0 8142 0410 4. 10/86.

Weber, Harold M. The Restoration Rako-Hero: Transformations in sexual understanding in 17th-century England

Wisconsin UP. 253pp. £27.50. 0 299 10690 X. 15/1/87.

Music

Caruth, Hayden. Sitting In: Selected writings on jazz, blues, and related topics

Iowa City: Iowa UP. 192pp. \$22.50. 0 87745 153 2. 11/12/86.

Philosophy

Kenny, Anthony. The God of the Philosophers (1st pub. 1979)

Oxford: Clarendon. 135pp. (hardcover), £6.95 (paperback). 0 19 824394 7 (hc), 0 19 824968 3 (pb). 18/12/86.

Pincoff, Edmund L. Quandaries and Virtues: Against reductionism in ethics

Lawrence: Kansas UP. 186pp. \$19.95. 0 7006 0308 5. 11/12/86.

Smart, J.J.C. Essays Metaphysical and Moral: Selected philosophical papers

Oxford: Blackwell. 312pp. £25. 0 631 15246 6. 11/1/87.

Law

Arden, Andrew. The Homeless Person's Handbook (Rights Guides)

Allison and Busby. 208pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 85031 716 9. 15/1/87.

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Macdonald. 191pp., illus. £10.95. 0 356 14616 2. 15/12/86.

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Allison and Busby. 110pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 85031 724 X. 15/1/87.

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Aneko, Michael. "Friction with the Market": Henry James and the profession of authorship

Oxford UP. 258pp. £21.50. 0 19 504034 1. 11/1/87.

Brodhead, Richard H. The School of Hawthorne

Oxford UP. 254pp. £22.50. 0 19 504022 8. 11/1/87.

Cope, Jackson I. Robert Coover's Fictions

Johns Hopkins UP. 151pp. £14.90. 0 8018 3365 5. 13/1/87.

Dayan, Peter. Mallarmé's "Divine Transposition": Sources of literary value (Oxford Modern Languages and Literature Monographs)

Oxford: Clarendon. 226pp. £27.50. 0 19 51841 6. 18/12/86.

de Benneville, James S. Tales of the Samurai (Pacific Basin Books; 1st pub. 1915)

KPI, UK distr. Routledge and Kegan Paul, US distr. New York: Methuen. 485pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 7103 0233 9. 4/12/86.

Donoghue, Denis. We Irish: The selected essays of Denis Donoghue, vol. 1

Exotic excursions

Lachlan Mackinnon

ROY GERRARD
Sir Cedric Rides Again
Gollancz. £5.95.
0 575 03752 0
JAMES CLAVELL
Thump-O-moto: A fantasy
Designed and illustrated by George Sharp
89pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £9.95.
0 340 38014 4
MICHAEL PALIN, ALAN LEE and RICHARD SEYMOUR
The Mirrorstone
Cape. £7.95.
0 224 02408 6
LINDA ARNOID
The Incredible Exploits of Remington E.
Angus and Robertson. £5.95.
0 207 15014 1

In his second book about Sir Cedric, Roy Gerrard's verse bounces along cheerfully as he tells how Sir Cedric, Lady Mntida, their daughter Edwina the Fair and her admirer Hubert the Hopeless set off to Jerusalem for a break, how the ladies are captured by Abdul the Heavy on the way and are freed by Hubert. "So think about Iubert the Hero and the story behind his new name - / Though reluctant to fight, still a gentle lad might / end up covered in glory or fame." The illustrations are lively, rather in the Noggins the Mog mould, but the moment when the captive ladies "feared a fate worse than death" is troubling. Abdul tells Edwina that she will be "wife twenty-three" while one plump bare-breasted girl whispers laughingly behind her hand to another. The sexual and racial undertones unsettle because they distract from the story and invite speculation and inquiry more mature than the likely readership, a misjudgment which leaves a faintly unpleasant taste; as does the heavy humour of James Clavell's *Thump-O-moto*. The framing story, of the polio-stricken (we take it - the disease is never named) Patricia and her Australian family is moving, but not so the inner story, that of her magical cure, which is achieved on a journey with the diminutive Thump-O-moto. Japanese wizards who say "dear-O-dinimoto" depend on a familiar stereotype which undoes the story's potential

exotic power. What could have been of a piece falls apart because of Clavell's clumsy jokiness about the Japanese; the English wizard Charley Rednosebeardrinker is a diminished Tom Bombadil, but here at least the stock part is native. Detestable as the practice of censoring past literature for racism and sexism is, it should be said that each of these books needlessly perpetuates stereotypes irrelevant to its narrative in a gratingly obtuse way.

It is with pleasure that one turns to *The Mirrorstone*, another magical fantasy, this time gripping and imaginatively expansive. The book is quite good enough not to need its gimmick, seven holograms printed on to the page. Each serves a narrative function, but like the Barclaycard bird they force the page to be held at an angle to be seen properly, and the fun of seeking them out and watching them move detracts from the tale's flow. Paul's fall through the bathroom mirror, his capture by an evil wizard, the terrifying journey he is sent on for the mirrorstone of the title, are engrossing, and his rescue by the girl Mary, whose intervention returns him to this world, is emotionally engaging. This could have been extended into a good young reader's novel, and I rather wished it had been, given the irritating way one finds oneself rushing to reach the next hologram to find out what it would show. It is to be hoped that too much emphasis is not laid on the book's incorporation of modern technology and that Michael Palin's story will not be forgotten more quickly than it deserves.

The Incredible Exploits of Remington E., on the other hand, can't be forgotten too quickly. The story of the ballet-dancer hero's fight for kangaroo conservation is sentimental and awkward, quite unlike the eerie illustrations which accompany it. Linda Arnold's biographical note tells us of "a chance remark that a dance class . . . looked like a herd of posturing elephants". This is all that explains the monstrous proboscis and ears, and the frighteningly angular, heavy-lidded eyes of Remington E and his companions. The very fine pointillism of the illustrations adds to their haunting surrealism. They are far more powerful than the text, whose upbeatness is too slight to feed off the likelihood of their inducing nightmares. They are some sort of artistic triumph, but quite the wrong sort for the story.

Teaching and preaching

Blake Morrison

PAT HUTCHINS
The Doorbell Rang
Bodley Head. £5.25.
0 370 30726 7
TONY BRADMAN
The Bad Babies' Book of Colours
Illustrated by Debbie Van der Beek
Piccadilly Press. £4.95.
0 946826 58 7
TRACEY CAMPBELL PEARSON
A Was an Apple Pie
Bodley Head. £4.50.
0 370 30771 2

Teaching books for young children tend to divide into two categories: those which are candidly and doggedly educative and those which covertly instruct while masquerading as harmless fun. It is rare to find a counting book, say, which is both pleasurable to read (and surprising to re-read) yet rigorously laid out - though this year has provided one outstanding example in Satoshi Kitamura's *When Sheep Cannot Sleep*.

Pat Hutchins has always favoured a clear symmetrical form for her picture books and this makes her a good choice of person to impart the principles of division. In *The Doorbell Rang* Sam and Victoria are given twelve cookies to eat - that's six each, they work out, until two of their friends arrive, then two more, then a party of six, each ring of the doorbell making the children look a little more despondently at their shrinking portions. When the doorbell rings yet again, it looks as if it will be less than one cookie each, but the story has a happy ending as grandma enters with a trayful, plenty for everyone and more. The format is simple, logical and repetitive, based round the ringing doorbell and the refrain "no one makes cookies like grandma", but it is enlivened by the strong colours and details such as the dirty footprints which cross the chessboard kitchen floor.

Even the most straightforward teaching book can become confusing if mishandled. *The Bad Babies' Book of Colours* disappoints first of all in not living up to the promise of its title: the babies here aren't bad or at any rate they are only a bitfully and unimaginatively bad, spill-

ing food, having tantrums but generally failing to be attractively wicked. This might not matter too much if the story's rhyming quatrains (abcb) were better handled, but they are rhythmically inept:

Hide-and-seek is their next game,
And Mario's just on his way,
William is sure that he's hidden -
But those RED stripes give him away.
Waylayway is a feeble rhyme; William, confusingly, is shown in red and white stripes; and the most obvious and satisfying place for the colour which the toddler must guess - the second rhyme-word - is perversely avoided. The babies are not much naughtier in illustration than text. What is bad is the book's squandering of a bright idea.

Tracey Campbell Pearson's *A Was an Apple Pie* gives an ingenious lift to the traditional alphabet rhyme by managing to be both a book and a chart or frieze: children can turn the pages one by one or else pull them out to make an ABC across the wall. The illustrator copes attractively not only with sequence as a whole, which gains a narrative force in her main drawings, but with its more taxingly abstract lines ("I inquired about it . . . V valued it"). Inevitably, though, the more active lines work best ("I jumped over it K kicked it"), making one look forward to a full-scale, "Bad Babies" re-working of the original.

The Emperor's New Clothes, Hans Andersen's moral tale of the Emperor who gradually contrives his own public humiliation and learns how to behave royally in his worst hour, is finely illuminated by Dorothea Duntze (North-South/Blackie. £6.95, 0 200 72888 1). As befis the Emperor, this is a large-format book with elegant, vertical compositions. With two exceptions, each page opening has a full plate in subdued, lightly applied colour, opposed by black-and-white drawings, stippled so finely that they have the quality of etchings. Throughout, Duntze is collaborating rather than competing with Andersen. Her controlled use of decoration, the statuesque stances, the plausible characterizations - those serious, trustworthy looking rogues - intriguing details of rituals, games and costume complement his text with grace and wit.

Jane Doonan

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. We regret that we cannot answer telephone enquiries or enter into correspondence about inclusions and exclusions.

Anthropology

Dangphip, Satalad Caste Kinship and Community: Social system of a Bengal caste
Sangam. 29pp. £12.95. 0 86131 683 2. 15/12/86.

Art, including photography

Ceas, Richard A Persistent Vision: Art of the reservation days: The L.D. and Ruth Bax collection of the Denver Art Museum.
Denver Art Museum, distr. by Seattle: Washington UP. 198pp. illus. \$15 (hardcover), \$19.95 (paperback). 0 293 96438 6 (hc), 0 293 96429 4 (pb). 12/1/87.
Johnson, Lee The Paintings of Eugene Delacroix: A critical catalogue, 1832-1863, vol. 3: Text; vol. 4: Plates
Oxford: Clarendon. 370pp., plates. 2 vols. £14. 0 19 817378 8. 18/12/86.
Johnson, Thomas L., and Philip C. Dunn, editors A True Likeness: The black South of Richard Samuel Roberts, 1920-1936
Columbia, SC: Braccoli Clark/Chapel Hill, NC: Algonquin. 200pp., illus. \$34.95 (hardcover), \$19.95 (paperback). 0 912697 48 2 (hc), 0 912697 50 4 (pb). 15/1/86.
Wynne, Michael Later Italian Paintings in the National Gallery of Ireland: The 17th, 18th and 19th centuries
Dublin: National Gallery of Ireland. 147pp., plates. Ir£35. 0 903162 32 6 (hc), 0 903162 33 4 (pb). 11/2/86.

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British Library. 1220pp. £150. 0 7121 0063 1. 1/1/86.

Short-Title Catalogue of French Books 1470-1600 in the British Library, supplement
British Library. 291pp. £5. 0 7123 0064 3. 1/1/86.
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British Library. 152pp. £25. 0 7123 0094 5. 1/1/86.
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Biography, including letters and diaries

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Sangam. 704pp. £9.95. 0 86132 137 5. 15/12/86.
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Gollancz. 782pp. £20. 0 575 03175 1. 15/1/87.
Huntingdon, Eugene The Unsettled Account: An autobiography
Severn House. 225pp. £9.95. 0 7278 2085 0. 1/1/86.
Loveland, Anne C. Lillian Smith: A Southerner confronting the South
Louisiana State UP. 296pp. £19. 0 8071 1343 3. 1/87.
Macaulay, Nell Don Pedro: The struggle for liberty in Brazil and Portugal, 1798-1834
Durham, NC: Duke UP. 361pp. £31.90. 0 8223 0681 6. 1/1/86.
Pearson, Hesketh, introduction by Anthony Burgess A Life of Shakespeare (1st pub. 1942)
Hamish Hamilton. 299pp. £7.95 (paperback). 0 241 12006 3. 10/1/87.

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Hamish Hamilton. 295pp. £8.95 (paperback). 0 241 12005 3. 10/1/87.
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Viking. 319pp. £10.95. 0 670 81290 0. 12/1/87.
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Oxford: Clarendon. 314pp. £45. 0 19 81878 3. 18/12/86.
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Cambridge UP. 243pp. £25 (hardcover), £8.95 (paperback). 0 521 26839 7 (hc), 0 521 31888 2 (pb). 18/12/86.

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Croom Helm. 239pp. £19.95. 0 7099 4649 X. 12/86.
Oderman, Kevin Ezra Pound and the Erotic Medium
Durham, NC: Duke UP. 158pp. £19.15. 0 8223 0672 7. 1/87.

Sellstrom, A. Donald Cornelie, Tasso and Modern Poetics
Columbus: Ohio State UP. 166pp. \$18. 0 8142 0410 4. 10/86.
Weber, Harold M. The Restoration Rake-Hero: Transformations in sexual understanding in 17th-century England
Wiscams UP. 253pp. £27.50. 0 299 10690 X. 15/1/87.

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Carroll, Rayden Sitting In: Selected writings on jazz, blues, and related topics
Iowa City: Iowa UP. 192pp. £22.50. 0 87745 153 2.

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Oxford: Clarendon. 135pp. (hardcover), £6.95 (paperback). 0 19 824594 7 (hc), 0 19 824968 3 (pb). 18/12/86.
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Lawrence: Kansas UP. 186pp. \$19.95. 0 7006 0308 5. 11/12/86.

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Oxford: Blackwell. 312pp. £25. 0 631 15246 6. 1/1/87.

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Ackroyd, Peter The Diversions of Purley and Other Poems
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New York: Council on Foreign Relations. 177pp. \$17.50.

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Michael Joseph. 265pp

